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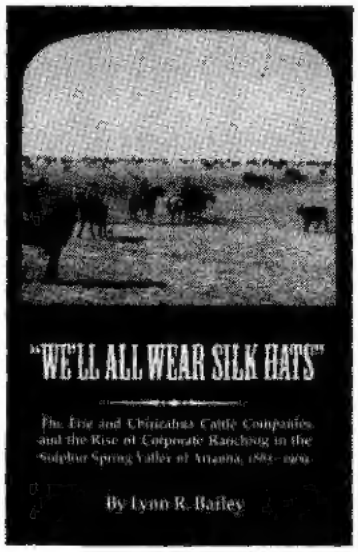

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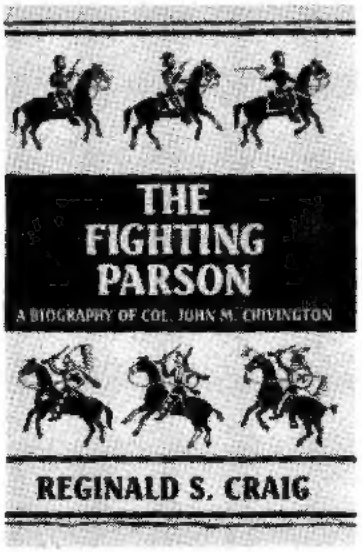

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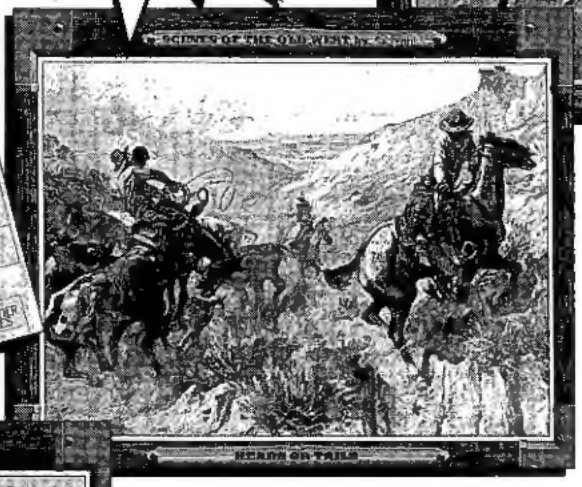

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FROM THE EDITOR

Howdy, Folks!

Once upon a time, long, long ago, I wrote an editorial that sullied the pages of this fine magazine by referring to the *Wall Street Journal*. Lest you all should get the idea that I was getting too big for my britches, I started with a disclaimer to the effect that I don't read the *Wall Street Journal* but had been provided a copy of the article by a well meaning soul here in the office.

Well, friends, it's happened again. Several months back that same high-minded member of the intelligentsia slipped into my office when I wasn't looking and anonymously deposited on my desk another copy of another article from another issue of the *Wall Street Journal*. Paper clipped to it was the cryptic message, "Possible grist for an editorial?"

Such clandestine goings on are common as deadlines approach here at the old corral, on account of my colleagues' being highly sympathetic to my nearly fatal case of writer's block when the time looms for me to saddle up my hobby horse and write an editorial. Could be they're not so much sympathetic as just not wanting me to come around begging them to ghost write these seventeen column inches of copy.

Anyhow, as the galaxy's favorite monthly magazine on the history of the American West, we pride ourselves on being the last source to which public-sprited citizens turn for old news. So I reckon you won't mind if editorials on more pressing topics delayed my writing about this one.

The article in question was propelled by a full charge of titles and kickers, "Where Roads End... Dreams of the Frontier Lure Misfits to Alaska; Then Reality Breaks In...Towns No Longer Tolerate Offbeat Strangers Who Bring Problems, Violence...Hateful, Belligerent, Attitude."

After that sort off send-off, you hardly need to read the article, which goes on to detail how a 1976 book, *Coming Into the Country*, by John McPhee, and television's *Northern Exposure* have created a mythical Alaska, a last frontier just this side of paradise. The make-believe Alaska, it seems, is drawing "oddballs," "loners," and "sociopaths" to real towns inhabited by real people.

Those "end-of-the-roaders," as they are called, are plaguing Alaska's remotest villages with real problems. They can't get along with other people and head north to Alaska with dreams of getting away from it all and leaving their problems behind. When the dreams don't come true, some end-of-the-roaders turn violent. One feller, "a self-described 'mountain man' from suburban Chicago,'" killed eight people, including a state trooper, in the town of Manley. (He was himself killed in the ensuing manhunt.) Another, who apparently had a better sense of humor, limited himself to shooting up a Baptist missionary's unoccupied airplane.

The reason for all of this finally being reported in the pages of *True West* magazine after lo, these many months, should be obvious. The end-of-the-roaders in Alaska are no new phenomenon. They are just the latest—and probably the last—in a stream of similar immigrants to America's outposts of civilization.

Where once dime novels and Wild West shows lured folks west, now the tabloids and television do. Where once the weapons of choice were Colts and Winchesters, now they're AK-47s. Other than those minor differences of appearance, though, we benighted fools who hope to understand Lincoln County and Tombstone and all the other people and places of the West just might keep an eye on what's happening today in Alaska.

John Joerschke

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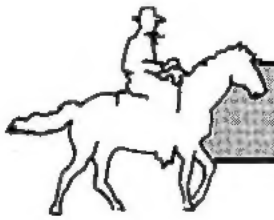

TRULY WESTERN

E.D. Nix Nixed

Regarding the question on E.D. Nix in "Answer Man" (*True West*, August, 1994), I have been doing a considerable amount of research and can provide some additional information.

Nix was not the exemplary lawman he was made out to be in the books *Oklahombres* (Nix, with Hines, 1929; reprinted 1993) and *Oklahombres Revisited* (Holland 1992). In fact, he was fired as United States marshal in January 1896 because of malfeasance in office. This is well documented in several boxes of files in the Department of Justice records in the National Archives.

Nix was a real wheeler-dealer businessman with a finger in many pies. The businesses in which he was involved included wholesale grocery, match factories, mines in Cripple Creek, Colorado, Danderine (a hair tonic said to restore hair), real estate, oil promotion, and motion pictures.

He lived and conducted a variety of businesses in Oklahoma, Missouri, and California. By 1900 he was living in Joplin, Missouri. He was still there in 1910; that year's census lists children Mable Ellen, born October 1899 in Kentucky, and Edward Brett, born January 1895 in Oklahoma. By 1920 he had moved to St. Louis, but the son was no longer living at home. St. Louis city directories for 1923–25 list Mable Nix as a music teacher living at the same address as her father. The 1926 city directory does not list E.D. Nix or Mable, but it does list Edward D. Nix as an account executive.

In *Oklahombres Revisited*, Holland says that both Nix children and Mrs. Ellen Nix all died in St. Louis in the 1930s, Mrs. Nix supposedly in 1936, Edward about two years earlier, and Mable still earlier. A search of Missouri death records of the time, however, did not turn up a death certificate for any of the three. Their dates and places of death remain a mystery.

E.D. Nix disappears from the St.

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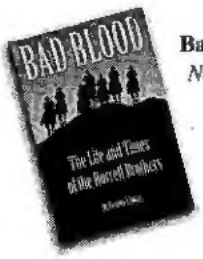

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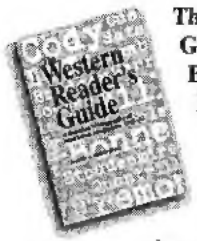

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Louis city directory in 1926. According to his death certificate, he spent the last twenty years of his life in California. He may have returned to Oklahoma briefly. The death certificate and funeral home records indicate he died in Riverside County Hospital, Riverside, California, February 4, 1946. His body was cremated and the ashes buried in Evergreen Cemetery in Riverside. Funeral expenses were charged to a funeral home in Paducah, Kentucky, and were probably paid by his only surviving sister, Mrs. Herman Graham, of Paducah.

Nix had been living in the posh Mission Inn before his death, but he must have died broke. I have been unable to locate any probate records for him in Riverside, St. Louis, or Paducah. —*Nancy B. Samuelson, Eastford, Connecticut.*

Conceived in a Hardware Store

I enjoyed reading "From the Editor" (*True West*, December 1994), but feel it necessary to point out that you let one of *True West*'s offspring stray—*Relic* magazine. This may be of interest to some of your readers, as *Relic* may have been conceived in the back room of a hardware store in Littlefield, Texas.

Jack Brannen, my father-in-law, had the store when the Yellow House Ranch was closed out in the 1920s. The Yellow House was west of Lubbock and had the tallest windmill in the world. The cowboys were laid off without any money, and they brought their saddles and other pawnable plunder to Jack, as he was about the only money lender at that time. The cowboys never returned, so Jack built up a nice museum using the Yellow House cowboys' unclaimed items. The museum was open to the public.

Most of the cowboys owned a .44 Winchester rifle and a pistol that used the same ammunition, and most owned the old A-fork saddle—one of which would bring a fortune today. The cowboys braided their bridles and catching ropes out of horse hair during their time in the bunkhouse. They, too, would bring

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money on the market today. The cowboys also made made many of their spurs by hand.

During the holiday season of 1940, we were visiting in Littlefield. Joe Small was there, gathering information as to what became of the Yellow House Ranch. At about that time, the store burned almost to the ground, and all of the cowboys' items were destroyed. Years later, however, many similar items, hand made by old-time cowboys, could be seen in *Relic* magazine. —*Gerald Johnson, Coyle, Oklahoma.*

Missed By a Mile

I enjoyed reading your editorial in the December *True West*, but one thing puzzles me. You wrote that the publication's last move was in October, 1994; that has to be a typo. Anyway, I'm glad that *True West* is doing well, and I hope it has many decades left. —*William J. Betts, Morton, Washington.*

Editor's Note: Yep, it was a typo. The last time Western Publications pulled up stakes was in 1984. But I was only off by a decade; the way I live in the nineteenth century working on this magazine, I'm surprised I didn't type 1884 out of habit.

Hunting For a Story

I would like to see *True West* do a story on the most loved and respected newspaper man in the West—the founder of *Frontier Times*, Mr. J. Marvin Hunter. I bet you could come up with one good story.—*Edgar Loyd, Jr., Lancaster, California.*

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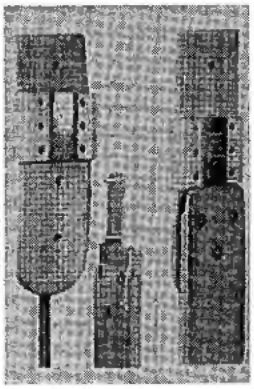
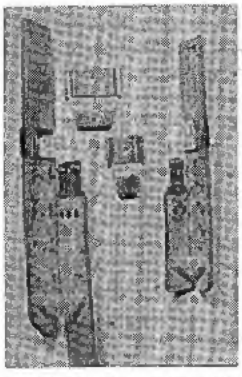
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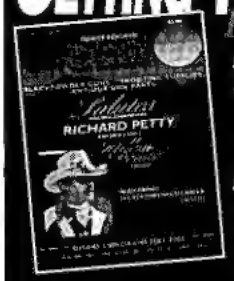
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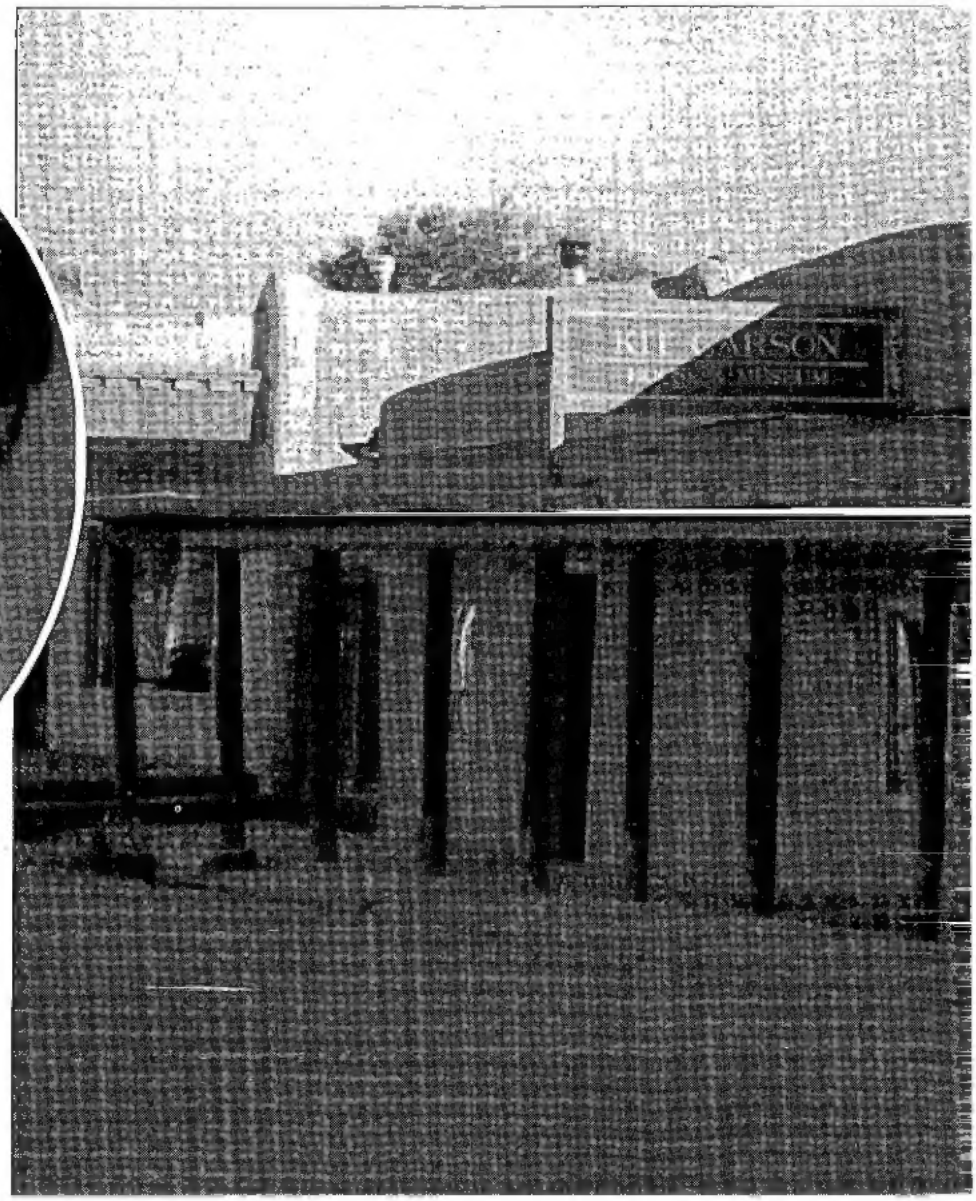
Courtesy of the Author
Josefa Jarmillo Carson during the early years of her marriage to Kit.

THE KIT CARSON CIRCUIT

TAOS

BY RANDY D. SMITH



The Kit Carson home and museum in Taos, New Mexico.

Christopher "Kit" Carson was one of America's premier frontiersmen. He was at times a mountain man, scout, rancher, Indian agent, and cavalry officer. Carson enthusiasts can learn more about him by making a brief tour of three sites important in his life—Taos, New Mexico, where he made his home; Rayado, New Mexico, where he ranched briefly; and Fort Garland, Colorado, where he had his last military command. The tour begins in Taos and will continue with visits to the other sites in the March and April 1995 issues of *True West*.

Carson maintained a home in Taos for twenty-five years. Today, eight rooms of Carson's original twelve-room house are preserved as the Kit Carson house and museum.

Fernandez de Taos was an old settlement, even when Carson arrived there with a group of traders in

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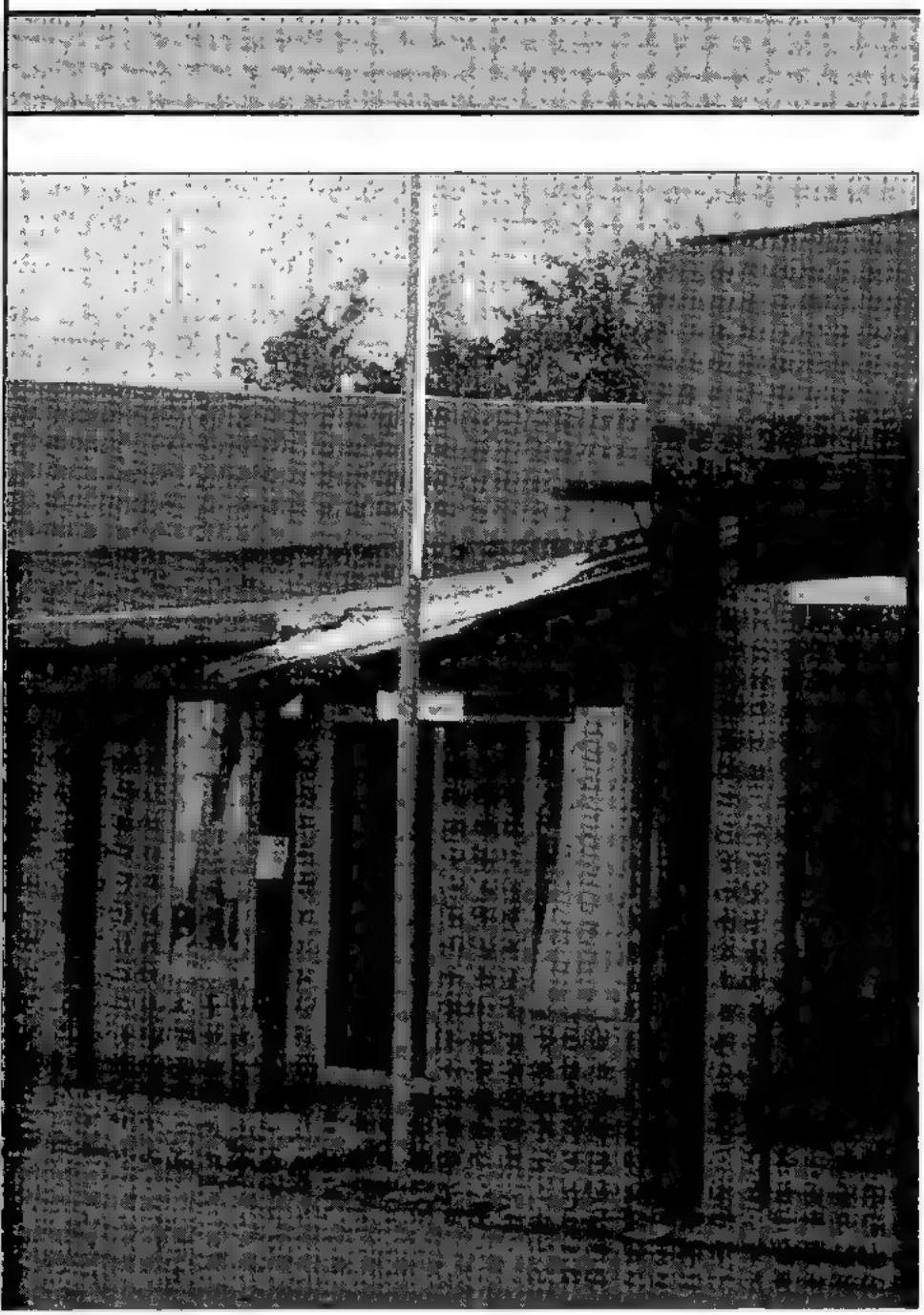

Author's Photo

1827. It predated Juan de Oñate's Spanish claim to the territory in the 1590s. By 1827, Taos was the third largest town in New Mexico with a population of 3,606, not much smaller than today. Taos was the northernmost permanent Spanish settlement in the area, a natural starting point for trappers and traders venturing into the Rocky Mountains to the north. Until William and Charles Bent established Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River east of the mountains, Taos was the closest supply settlement for trappers.

Carson married Josefa Jarmillo, daughter of influential Taos landowner Don Francisco Jarmillo, in 1843. Carson bought her a ten-year-old house as a wedding present.

The one-story house was a typical adobe with thick walls, timber roof, small doorways and windows, low

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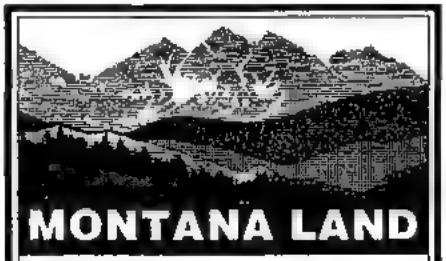

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ceilings, and dirt floors. Small, rounded adobe fireplaces sat in the corners of most rooms. Adobe is a comfortable, naturally insulating medium—cool in summer and warm in winter. Although it demands regular maintenance, especially the outer coat of mud plaster, adobe lasts for years in the arid Southwest.

Carson's house was not elaborate but it was highly functional, and visitors regarded it as quite comfortable. Much of that comfortable atmosphere may have resulted from the pleasant and friendly natures of both Carson and his wife.

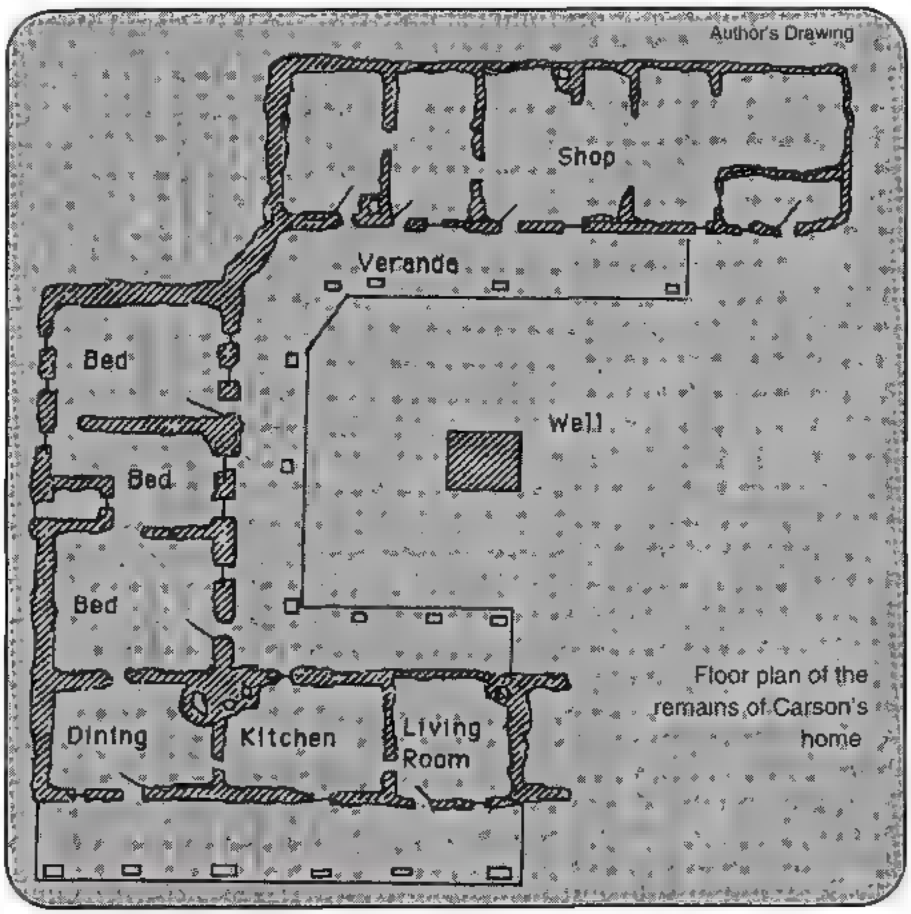
As was typical of Spanish design, the house was built around a courtyard, which became a pleasant garden free from the dust and traffic of the nearby street. A wooden veranda ran around the courtyard and along the street entrance to the house. During the warm season, the veranda provided shade and ventilation for many household chores and activities.

Although the house did not have expensive glass during Carson's early years there, the family could open the windows in the day for ventilation and close them at night with heavy wooden shutters for warmth and protection. Because the house could provide safety from Indians and wild animals, several doors and windows opened directly onto the narrow street.

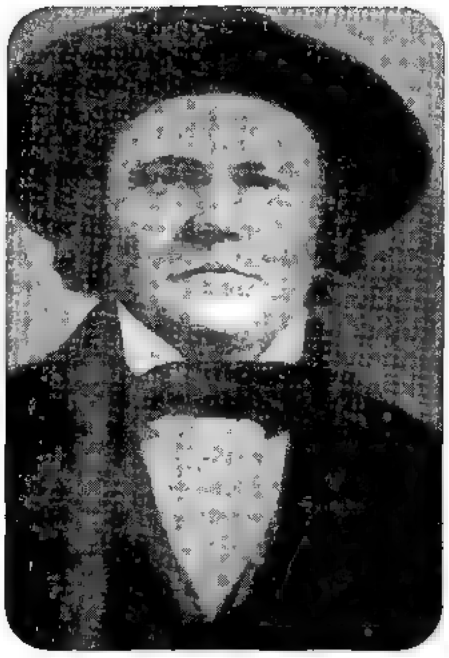
Living areas of the house were separate from livestock areas. Although the house was in town, the family still had to maintain some animals for food, and the original structure had a barn and corrals for livestock.

Furnishings would have been luxurious in the nineteenth century but rather Spartan today. The heavy Spanish hand-hewn furniture was simple and functional. Josefa would have had several nice pieces, however, because of her family's influence and wealth.

As a museum, different rooms of the residence today stress different aspects of the area's history. The museum also has a selection of



Floor plan of the remains of Carson's home



Courtesy of the Author

Kit Carson as he appeared in the late 1840s.

books available, many of them hard-to-find volumes of Southwestern history.

The Carson home and museum is on Kit Carson Road, east of the town square in Taos. The museum is open all year and charges a small admission fee.

Although the Carson home is small, visitors might want to spend a full day in Taos. In spite of the many tourist and souvenir shops, much of the original look of the old city remains. The Kit Carson Memorial State Park is two blocks north of the plaza and includes the cemetery where Carson and his wife are buried. Other sites include the five-story Taos Pueblo, the highest pueblo in the Southwest, and the Governor Bent House Museum and Gallery where Charles Bent, first American governor of New Mexico, was killed during a revolt of Mexicans and Pueblo Indians in 1847.

Next issue: Carson's Ranch at Rayado

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least four months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information including photos to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076

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150 Years Ago

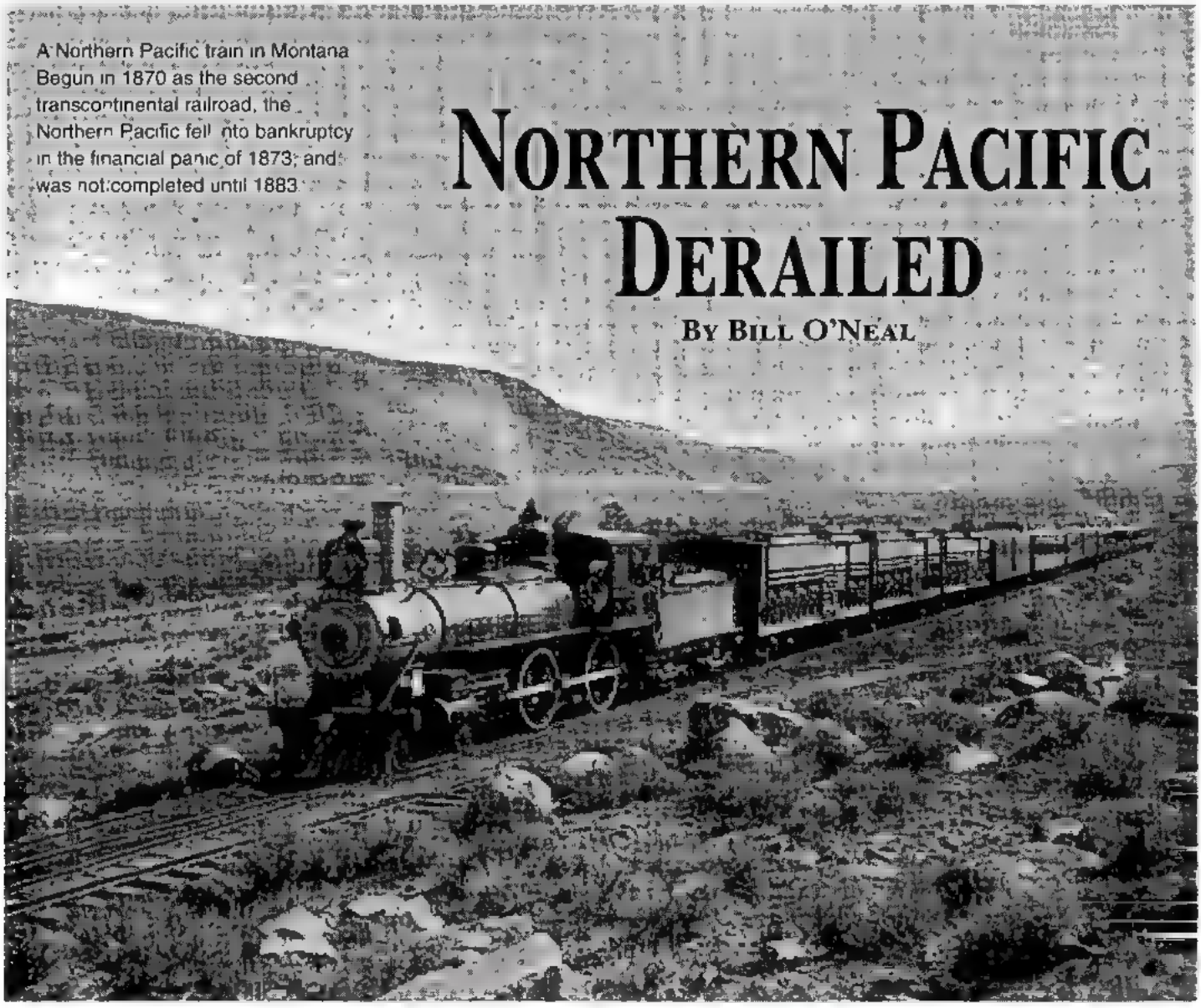
February 27–28, 1845; Washington, DC. The annexation of Texas was controversial because its admission to the Union would add an enormous new slave state. Republic of Texas diplomats, however, cleverly reminded Congress of English overtures to add Texas to the vast British Empire. Northern congressmen, it turned out, feared the nearby presence of the British more than they did a big new slave state. On February 27 the United States Senate narrowly passed the Joint Annexation bill, twenty-seven to twenty-five. The next day the House passed it by a more comfortable margin.

125 Years Ago

February 2, 1870; Salt Lake City, Utah. Following the example of Wyoming two months earlier, the Utah Territorial Legislature became the second territory or state in the Union to grant suffrage to women. Westerners always were open to change, because the frontier necessitated adaptation and innovation. Because women were comparatively rare in the West, states and territories granted them the rights to vote and divorce in hopes of attracting a larger female population.

February 15, 1870; Duluth, Minnesota. The first transcontinental railroad, completed in 1869, assured Americans of the feasibility of financing and constructing railroads across the West. Plans already were underway for a second trans-

Montana Historical Society



A Northern Pacific train in Montana. Begun in 1870 as the second transcontinental railroad, the Northern Pacific fell into bankruptcy in the financial panic of 1873; and was not completed until 1883.

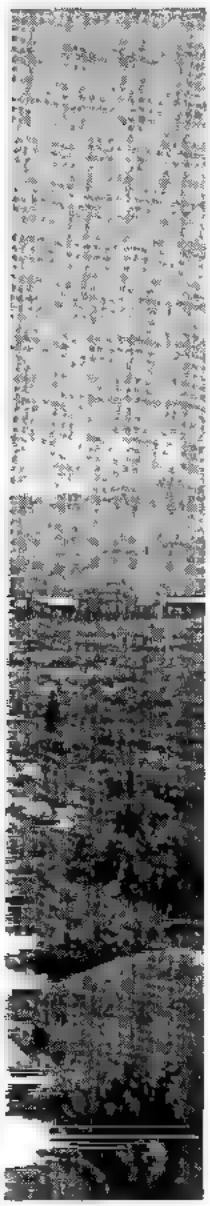
NORTHERN PACIFIC DERAILED

By Bill O'Neal

continental line, and construction on the Northern Pacific began at Duluth on February 15, 1870. Despite government subsidies of land and loans, a financial panic in 1873 bankrupted the Northern Pacific, and the line was not completed until 1883. Eventually five transcontinental lines stretched across the frontier.

100 Years Ago

February 7, 1895; Los Animas, Colorado. In an unusual version of western roundups, Las Animas staged a community-wide rabbit hunt, snaring 6,522 hares.



February 27, 1895; Lincoln, Nebraska. Wracked by drought, Nebraska farmers were forced to sell hay for two dollars per ton and horses for as little as two bits apiece. The state requested a $1.5 million federal loan to help desperate farmers weather the unprecedented dry spell.

February 27, 1895; Muskogee, Oklahoma. The previous month the Hughes Gang had robbed a Texas Pacific train of $100,000. On February 27 a posse of deputy United States marshals surrounded and captured the gang in Muskogee.

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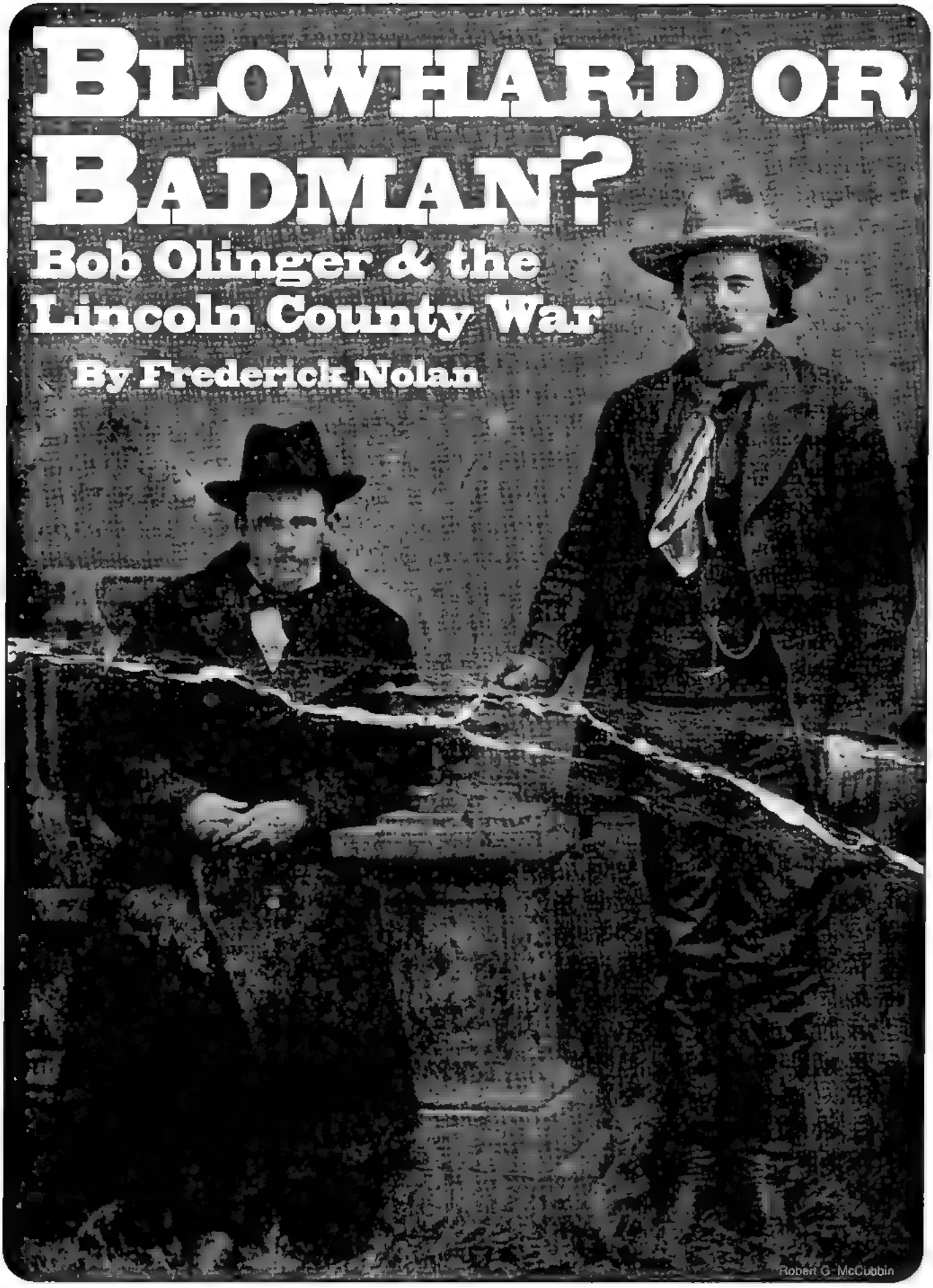
Blowhard or Badman?

Bob Olinger & the Lincoln County War

By Frederick Nolan



Robert G. McCubbin

Best remembered as the deputy sheriff shot dead in his tracks during Billy the Kid's dramatic Lincoln, New Mexico, jailbreak April 28, 1881, Bob Olinger has been portrayed as anything from a drunken ruffian and religious maniac to a gloating, shotgun-toting bully who tried to goad the shackled and manacled Kid into attempting an escape so he could have the pleasure of killing him. For more than a century, Olinger has received so much bad press that we seem to know him well. In fact, however, we hardly know him at all.

Historian Philip J. Rasch wrote the first profile of Olinger. Although Rasch cited the 1850 census as a source for information about Olinger's older brother Wallace, Rasch could not provide Bob's birthdate. A family genealogist now says Robert Olinger was born in April 1850, the second son of William and Rebecca Olinger of Delphi, Indiana.

Their name originally spelled "Ohlinger," the family had immigrated several generations earlier from Zweibrücken, Germany. Jacob Ohlinger married Barbara Downey, daughter of George Downey, in Augusta County, Virginia, June 1, 1785. Their son, George, married Mary Furguson in Knox County, Tennessee, on May 15, 1821. George and Mary had nine children: Phebe, William, Sarah Jane, George E., Holland D., Jackson, Samuel, Julia Ann, and John Calvin.

Shortly after their marriage, George and Mary Olinger moved to Indiana. Widower Jacob; George's brother, John Bown Olinger; and John's wife, Elizabeth, accompanied them to Carroll County. On June 15, 1848, George and Mary's son William married Rebecca Robinson, who was born in Ohio about 1826 or 1828. Their first son, John Wallace, was born May 3, 1849, at Delphi, about sixty miles north of Indianapolis. Robert was born the following April, and later the couple had a daughter, Rosa Ann.

Rebecca apparently left William after the Civil War and took her children with her; William remained in Carroll County until he died September 23, 1894. Rebecca next appears in history as "Mrs. Stafford" at Seven Rivers, New Mexico, in 1877. Why Rebecca left William and where she spent the intervening years are mysteries (although a likely answer seems to be Indian Territory), as is her acquisition of the name Stafford. Perhaps she married again, but no details of such a marriage have surfaced.

Olinger hurried across the dusty street to see old man Gottfried Gauss, a former Tunstall supporter, coming toward him calling his name. "Bob," Gauss reported, "the Kid has just killed Bell."

Almost simultaneously, from the window above their heads, the Kid called softly, "Hello, Bob."

Olinger looked up, saw the twin bores of his own shotgun poking through the window and the merciless eyes of the Kid behind them, and he knew he was a dead man.

Citing Kid biographer Ash Upson, hardly the most reliable source, Eve Ball suggested that in 1875 Wallace Olinger and William H. Johnson drove a cattle herd from Texas to New Mexico Territory. Near the Pecos River and the mouth of Seven Rivers, Johnson suffered a bullet wound in a clash with Comanches. Local rancher Hugh Beckwith rescued them and loaded Johnson into one of his wagons. Olinger, with the cattle, followed them to Beckwith's ranch

Johnson claimed to have been discharged from the United States Army in east Texas and had gone west. He found work on a ranch where he met Wallace Olinger. When the latter fell ill with smallpox, Johnson nursed him back to health. This unlikely story includes the proposition that their employer told them he was so deeply in debt that he could not get payment for his cattle, and so paid Olinger and Johnson by giving them his herd.

JOHNSON DID not explain why a man in debt could not get payment for his cattle, or how two men alone could drive a herd from Texas to New Mexico. The fact that Johnson was in fact mustered out of the army in Indiana further explodes the tale.

Lily Casey Klasner's account sounds at least a little likelier. She said, "The Olingers came originally from Ohio to the West and settled for a while in Indian Territory." Wallace came to New Mexico first. After a few years he had done well with his cattle, and "it was logical for him to send for his younger brother, whose full name was Robert Ameridth Olinger, and their mother, Mrs. Stafford."

Perhaps after the failure of her marriage Rebecca returned with her sons to Ohio, married a man named Stafford, and followed him to Indian Territory. Regardless, Rebecca Stafford was living at Seven Rivers when the powerful cattle rancher John Chisum and his minions besieged Beckwith's ranch in the June 1877 "Pecos War." Bob's presence there, however, cannot be documented until almost a year later.

To date, the earliest documented appearance of either Olinger brother was when Wallace rode in a posse that pursued John Henry Tunstall and his supporters Robert Widenmann, Dick Brewer, John

J.J. Dolan (seated) and Bob Olinger, about 1879.

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Middleton, and Billy the Kid from the Feliz Valley on February 18, 1878. Tunstall and Lincoln attorney Alexander McSween were challenging Lawrence G. Murphy and James Joseph Dolan's economic domination of the region. Although Wallace apparently did not participate directly, the posse murdered Tunstall.

Lily Klasner confirms Bob was in New Mexico at the time, but was not in the posse. She said Bob no doubt knew about the posse, but was not the "bloodthirsty, swashbuckling kind of young man he is said by some to have been." Otherwise he "would most certainly have gone."

BOB WAS swashbuckling enough to ride with a second Seven Rivers posse which ambushed Tunstall confederates Frank Coe, Ab Saunders, and Frank MacNab at the Fritz ranch below Lincoln on April 29, 1878. Led by "Deputy" William Johnson (whose commission had lapsed upon the death of Sheriff William Brady the first of that month) the posse, numbering about thirty, killed MacNab and seriously wounded Saunders before riding to Lincoln to skirmish with the McSween faction two days later. That engagement left six men wounded, two perhaps fatally. Their names, except for wounded "Dutch Charlie" Kruling, are unknown.

The Olingers were jailed briefly at Fort Stanton and then stayed out of trouble for a while. However, when the Lincoln County War blazed to its climax with a five-day fight in Lincoln beginning July 14, the brothers were firmly with the Dolan contingent.

On the afternoon of July 19, 1878, Dolan men set fire to McSween's house. Soon after dark its beleaguered occupants tried to escape. One group, including Billy the Kid, broke out of the east door and, with the fatal exception of Harvey Morris, escaped. Heavy gunfire drove a second escaping group, including Alexander McSween, back

Eve Ball

John Jones, murderer of John Beckwith. Bob Olinger killed Jones August 29, 1879.

into the house. The gunfire rebuffed them a second time, and when they emerged a third time, McSween and four of his Mexican-American supporters were killed. Wallace Olinger told his family many years later that he had killed McSween, but in fact McSween had five bullets in his body, suggesting more than one person had killed him. John A. Jones and Marion Turner were indicted for the murder.

A month after the slaughter in Lincoln, Wallace Olinger was involved in another bloody affray, this time at the ranch of his friend William Johnson near Seven Rivers. Johnson had married Camelia Beckwith, the daughter of rancher Hugh Beckwith. Beckwith's older son, Robert, had been the only Dolan fatality in the fight at McSween's house. According to McSween's wife, Sue, Johnson had persuaded Robert to get involved, and Beckwith held him responsible for the boy's death.

On Saturday, August 17, 1878, Johnson, Wallace Olinger, and two neighbors were stringing snap beans in the yard. When Johnson started toward the house, Beckwith stepped out of the door with a shotgun. He fired one barrel at Johnson, who died almost instantly. Beckwith turned the gun on Wallace, who was quicker and shot Beckwith in the face, wounding him severely. The others disarmed Beckwith and Abneth McCabe, formerly John Chisum's bookkeeper, took him by wagon to the sheriff in Lincoln. Beckwith was never indicted for the killing, but it broke up his marriage and family.

Tradition maintains that late in 1878 Bob Olinger encountered livestock thief Paz Chavez, with whom he had argued on the main street of Seven Rivers some days earlier. Bob extended his hand, and when Chavez took it, Bob jammed his pistol into Chavez's belly and killed him. Because Paz Chavez was reportedly rustling horses off the Mescalero reservation with Billy the Kid and Yginio Salazar in February 1880 and killed soon after, the Chavez killing apparently is one treachery of which Olinger was not guilty.

Nevertheless, Olinger did kill a man in cold blood about that time, employing the same method as in the Chavez story. The killing occurred as Olinger, W.R. "Jake" Owens, and Seven Rivers rancher Andy Boyle were riding with a party to rancher Milo Pierce's cow camp. According to Owens, Bob killed a man in cold blood at Pope's Crossing. The victim, who was not named, was probably a horse thief, but it was still "as cold blooded a murder as was ever committed on God's green footstool."

Owens said, "The hitchingpost was but twelve or fifteen steps from the house and he [Olinger] walked right up to this fellow and shook hands with him, and then grabbed

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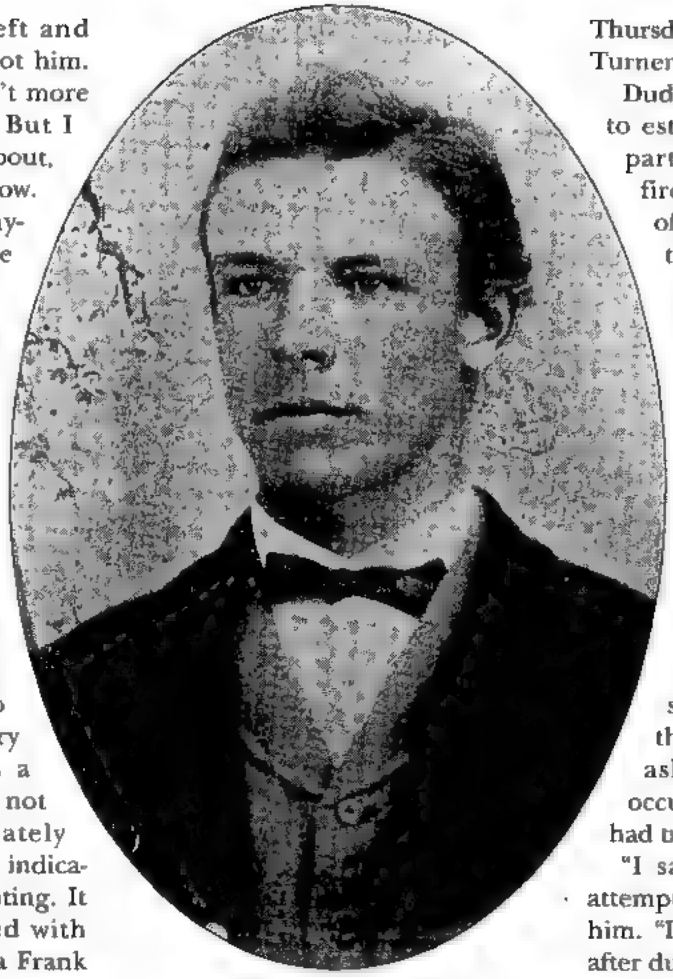
his right hand with his left and pulled out his pistol and shot him. Never a word passed. I wasn't more than ten steps from him. But I never did know what it was about, and Andy Boyle never did know. He [Olinger] didn't say anything to us, not as to what the killing was about."

The men didn't ask, either. They just helped Olinger bury the man. The victim may have been Tom Hill, alias Peter Grain or Crain. Lily Klasner said, "he resisted arrest and Bob shot him. In telling me about his case Bob said Hill was the first man he ever killed and that he regretted doing it, but that under the circumstances he could do nothing else." Klasner's story implies that Olinger was a peace officer, which he was not in late 1878. Unfortunately Klasner, like Owens, gave no indication of the date of the shooting. It may have become confused with Olinger's alleged killing of a Frank Hill in 1880.

On November 3, 1878, Wallace and Bob registered as voters in Precinct Number Five, which included Seven Rivers. Apparently the brothers and Dutch Charlie Kruling were jointly operating a ranch at Rock Corral, about twelve miles south of Seven Rivers.

Throughout the fall of 1878, a murderous gang of thieves known as "The Rustlers," led by John Selman, threatened the ranchers of the Seven Rivers area. They stole cattle from around Lincoln and headed toward Texas with them. Their coming, with a heavily-armed posse of Lincoln citizens behind them, persuaded most of the people of the area to abandon their ranches. The Beckwiths, Milo Pierce, Buck Powell, and Louis Paxson were among those who fled; the Olingers and Kruling probably did, too, although Bob accompanied Captain Henry Carroll of the Ninth Cavalry on a scout south from Roswell to find the stolen cattle in February 1879.

The following April the Lincoln



Philip J. Rasch

John Beckwith, whom John Jones killed August 26, 1879.

County grand jury indicted the murderers of Alexander McSween and Frank MacNab, and also the men who had participated in the rapes and murders under the banner of the Rustlers. Many of the former were from the Seven Rivers area. They went to Lincoln to entrust their cases with lawyer Sidney Wilson. About May 1, pleading that his clients could never get a fair trial in Lincoln County, Wilson won a change of venue to Socorro County for a dozen defendants, including Bob and Wallace Olinger.

Their cases continued in the civil courts, many of the same men testified at a military court of inquiry convened at Fort Stanton May 2, 1879, to investigate the conduct of Lieutenant Colonel N.A.M. Dudley during the July fight in Lincoln. Bob Olinger, giving his occupation as "cattle driver" and his address as "Pecos River, Texas," appeared on Thursday, June 10, following Marion Turner.

Dudley used Olinger's testimony to establish that no soldiers had participated in the fighting or fired on the fleeing occupants of the burning houses, as Billy the Kid and others had alleged. Nevertheless, Olinger's statements seem to reveal more about his own part in the fight.

Dudley established that deputy Buck Powell had summoned Olinger, 'who on July 19 took position with part of the posse near the front of the McSween house. Dudley's questions quickly disposed of the matter of the soldiers; Bob had seen none nearer the house than the street. Dudley then asked if he knew when the occupants of the McSween house had tried to escape.

"I saw one of them when he attempted to escape," Olinger told him. "I saw him shot and fall. Just after dusk."

"Where were you?" Dudley asked.

"In the Stanley house [across the street from McSween's house]."

Dudley asked if Olinger knew where the shooting was coming from. Bob answered that the shooting was coming from the McSween house.

"Who was the man you saw shot?" Dudley continued.

"I thought at the time it was [Harvey] Morris and after saw Morris lying dead in the same place."

"How long did you remain in the Stanley house after you saw the man fall?"

"About three quarters of an hour," Bob replied, "until the shooting had quit."

Dudley next carefully questioned the witness to show that he had a clear view of the street, and especially the southwest corner of the Tunstall building, next to the McSween house. Had he seen any soldiers there or anyplace else?

No, said Bob

And if anyone had been there,

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would they have been in danger?

"They would be liable to be killed," Bob replied bluntly.

What about the light? Was it good?

"It was light enough to see a man distinctly," Bob said, "because of the burning building."

Dudley left it there, satisfied that he had made his point. Recorder Captain Henry H. Humphreys cross-examined Olinger about his view of the Tunstall store, and then excused him without ever getting to the matter of who had shot Harvey Morris. Olinger's testimony, however, strongly suggests he killed the man.

On August 29, Olinger killed John Jones at the cow camp of Milo Pierce and partner Lewis Paxson in Pierce Canyon, on the east side of the Pecos about twenty-eight miles southeast of Carlsbad. Most stories of the murder agree that it stemmed from Jones's killing of John Beckwith at the same location three days earlier. Cattleman Robert "Ad" Casey's account, while hearsay, describes the incident.

> This Jones outfit had a man with them by the name of Marion Turner and they got old Ash Upson—he was a pretty well-educated man—down there and elected him justice of the peace at Seven Rivers. They wanted to have a trial before the justice of the peace to clear [John] Jones for killing [John] Beckwith.
>
> When they got everything ready Marion Turner writes a letter to John Jones down there to come up and stand his trial before Ash Upson and bring the Big Indian [Olinger], and "if he doesn't swear to suit, we'll Pecos him [kill him and throw his body in the Pecos River]."
>
> The mail was carried horseback in a sack open to everybody to go into. These men down below there opened this letter and read it and sealed it up and sent it to John Beckwith. He was at Pearson Paxson's [Pierce and Paxson's] ranch. That was about four or five miles this side of Black River on this side of the Pecos.
>
> When John Jones sent his little brother, Will Jones, to the Beckwith camp—Bob was taking care of the Beckwith camp—to tell Bob to come down there, that he wanted to see him, Bob sent him word back, "You tell your brother John that I have no business whatever at his camp, and if he wants to see me, I'll be at Paxson's camp tomorrow at noon." The roundup intended to be there then.
>
> When the roundup come, here come John riding up with a buffalo gun in front of him, and a six shooter on. Just as soon as Bob seen him coming, Bob waited until he got close, and he walked right up to the horse. John gets down and that throwed them jam

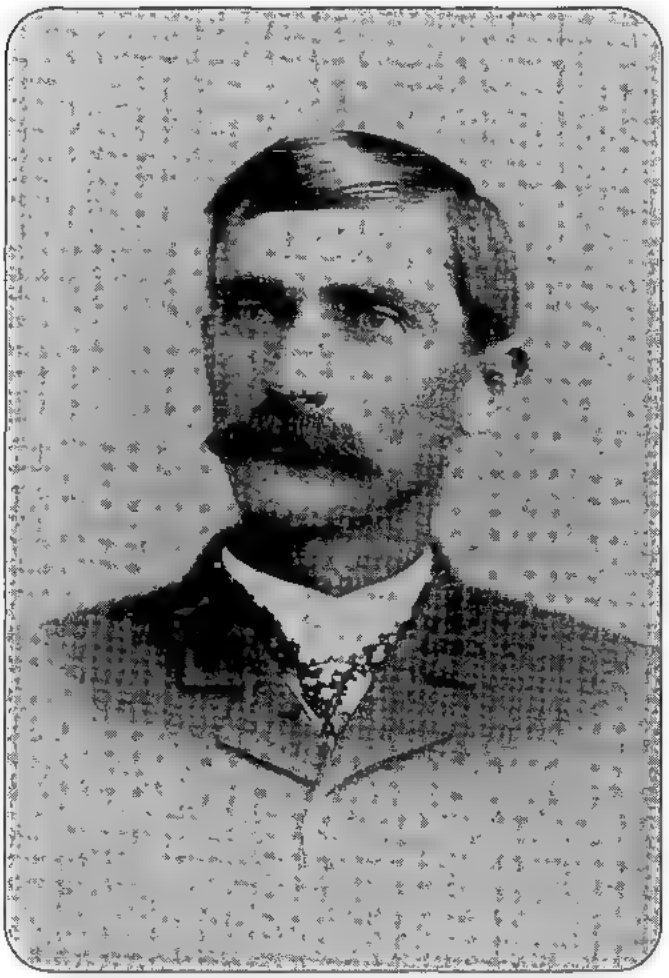
Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah

Deputies Tony Neis (left) and Bob Olinger shortly before they transported Billy the Kid to La Mesilla.

against one another, and Bob stayed right there.

I don't know what they said, but they didn't say more than two or three words, until Bob throwed his left hand around John Jones that way and drawed his six shooter with his right and went to shooting. Jones had dropped his [buffalo] gun and couldn't use it. He had to drop his gun before he could get his pistol.

Anyway they fought all around the house and one shot hit old [Milo] Pierce in the hip. Finally Olinger killed Jones. It was about this letter. Ash Upson couldn't do nothing. There wasn't no court, nobody to hold court. Bob just about told him he knowed what they wanted him for, and that he wasn't going. It required several shots there. Olinger wasn't any worse than the balance of them.



Robert G. McCubbin

Sheriff Pat Garrett in 1881.

The following October the grand jury indicted Olinger for Jones's murder. No one attempted to arrest Olinger, probably because Judge Warren Henry Bristol had announced that due to the anarchy prevailing in Lincoln County, no court would convene. In November, lawyer Sidney Wilson took both Olinger's and Turner's cases to the district court in Socorro County, where he won them exemption under territorial governor Lew Wallace's amnesty proclamation.

In 1880, his sins washed away, Bob Olinger became a lawman on the recommendation of Judge Albert Fountain, who wrote him from Mesilla on April 3, 1880, that United States Marshal John Sherman, Jr., had selected him as his deputy in Lincoln County. If Olinger would signify his acceptance as soon as possible, papers would be sent to him for service. Apparently, however, Olinger was acting as a lawman as early as March, for that is when he reportedly shot Frank Hill through the eye, for reasons unknown.

Olinger may have killed another man at about that time. He was assigned to deliver to Fort Stockton one Dan Lemons, leader of a gang which robbed the Will Hudgens store at Hondo. Lemons reportedly escaped en route, and newspaper reports hinted strongly that Olinger had killed him.

In April 1880 the grand jury at Lincoln indicted Marion Turner and John Jones for the murder of Alexander McSween. Jones, of course, was already dead. On October 1, Olinger paid Judge Fountain twenty-five dollars to assist the defense in the case of his friend Marion Turner. Apparently no record exists concerning the disposition of the case; Turner probably pleaded amnesty and walked.

Mary Hudson Brothers, in *A Pecos Pioneer*, describes Olinger about that time as "two hundred pounds of bone and muscle, six feet tall, round as a huge tree trunk, with a regular gorilla-like chest that bulged out so far as his chin seemed to be set back on his chest. He had a heavy bull neck, low browed head, short and wide, topped with shaggy hair, bushy eyebrows, and a hat-rack moustache. His arms were long and muscular, with fists like hams. Despite his size he was quick as a cat, and always got the best of any deal in any encounter he figured in. He could take punishment as well as hand it out."

Not everyone admired Olinger. In October 1880 he was with Pat Garrett's posse pursuing Billy the Kid. Garrett, however, was suspicious of the man. "I never slept out that I did not watch him," Garrett said. "After I had more of a reputation, I think Olinger would have been glad to kill me for the notoriety of it. I never gave him a chance to shoot me in the back or when I was asleep. Bob was a born murderer at heart."

WHEN GARRETT'S posse caught the Kid on December 23, Olinger was not present. Then and in early 1881 he was acting as deputy marshal in the pursuit and arrest of counterfeiters plaguing the area, among them outlaw Billy Wilson, captured along with the Kid at Stinking Springs. When they were appointed to escort Billy the Kid and Billy Wilson—both languishing in the Santa Fe jail—to La Mesilla for trial, Olinger and fellow deputy marshal Tony Neis went into the W. Henry Brown photographic parlor in Santa Fe to have their picture taken. The next day, March 2, 1881, the Santa

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Fe *New Mexican* reported, "Tony Neis and Bob Olinger, the twin deputies, have just had a photograph taken of themselves at Bennet and Brown's Gallery. The picture is a good one and shows the two men off to good advantage. They are both well grown boys weighing perhaps 240 pounds each, and are, what might be called a heavy team. Bob had to sit down to keep his head in range of the camera."

Ten days later, Olinger was arrested—apparently erroneously—for carrying concealed deadly weapons. Disarmed and sent to the same jail the Kid was in, Olinger noted in his memo pad, "the first time I was in jail [was] March the 11th 1881 arrested by order of L. Bradford Prince Chief Justice of the Superior court of the first judicial district court, charged with being a deputy US Marshal and carrying Deadly weapons disarmed and sent to jail, after[wards] was Discharged from custody and allowed to carry arms."

On March 28, without fanfare, Neis and Olinger took the Kid and Billy Wilson to the train depot. In spite of their low profile, word spread rapidly and on their arrival at Rincon, where they had to change trains, a mob was waiting. Neis and Olinger successfully faced it down without provoking a fight. When they got to Las Cruces another mob—more friendly, but the lawmen did not know that—was waiting at the station. Again the situation was defused. When someone asked which man was Billy the Kid, the Kid put his hand on the shoulder of his attorney, Ira Leonard, and said, "This is the man."

The lawmen took the prisoners on to La Mesilla in a wagon; there they languished in a squalid little jail until Judge Bristol convened the district court on March 30. Both outlaws had two trials; Olinger attended each of them. Wilson was jailed pending $5,000 bail, and the Kid was sentenced to death by hanging.

Doña Ana County Sheriff James W. Fourtino appointed Olinger a special deputy sheriff to transport the Kid to Lincoln for execution. Olinger took his oath before county clerk George Bowman on April 15. About 10:00 P.M. the next night, the Kid was taken out of jail, bound, and loaded into a wagon for the five-day, 140-mile trip.

Authorities guarded against escape or rescue attempts. Deputies John Kinney and Billy Mathews rode inside the wagon with Olinger and the Kid. Deputy Dave Woods drove, and deputies Tom Williams, D.M. Reade, and W.A. Lockhart rode flank and rear. The escort made quick time, and on April 21 at Fort Stanton, the guards turned the Kid over to Pat Garrett for the nine-mile trip to Lincoln.

A friend told Olinger, "If that man [the Kid] is shown the slightest chance on earth, if he is allowed the use of one hand, or if he is not watched every moment from now until the moment he is executed, he will effect some plan by which he will murder the whole lot of you before you have time to even suspect he has any such intention."

IN LINCOLN, THE KID was held in a large room on the northeast corner of the old Murphy-Dolan store, which had become the county courthouse. The room had once been Lawrence G. Murphy's bedroom, a fact of which the Kid was no doubt aware. The room could only be entered through another room, which Garrett used as his office. The guards assigned to the Kid were James W. Bell, of White Oaks; and Bob Olinger.

"There was a reciprocal hatred between those two," said Garrett of the Kid and Olinger, "and neither attempted to disguise or conceal his antipathy for the other." Olinger told the *New Mexican* the Kid was a cur, and that "every man he had killed had been murdered in cold blood and without the slightest chance to defend himself." That charge might more justifiably have been leveled at Olinger. "Olinger was mean to him [the Kid]," said Peñasco rancher John Meadows. "In talking to me about it, the Kid said, 'He used to work me up until I could hardly contain myself.'"

No documentation supports the tradition that Olinger taunted the Kid, apart from one gloating remark, which Garrett recorded, about the buckshot loads in his shotgun—"the man who gets one of these loads will feel it." Nevertheless, the legend established by Walter Noble Burns, Emerson Hough, and the rest of the Kid's biographers is now too well-entrenched to contest.

Garrett warned his deputies against giving the Kid any chance of making a break. According to the *New Mexican*, a friend told Olinger much the same thing. "You think yourself an old hand in the business," he said, "but I tell you, as good a man as you are, that if that man is shown the slightest chance on earth, if he is allowed the use of one hand, or if he is not watched every moment from now until the moment he is executed, he will effect some plan by which he will murder the whole lot of you before you have time to even suspect he has any such intention." Olinger "just smiled and said the Kid had no more chance of escaping than he had of going to Heaven."

Ad Casey, about seventeen at the time, also recalled Olinger's overconfidence:

> This place [at Picacho] had been rented by my mother to Bob Olinger for $3,000 a year, and he was to move down here and commence work on it as soon as they got rid of Billy the Kid, but he had to stay up there and take care of him. He was guarding him then. It was getting late and mother got uneasy and wanted him to commence on the place. Finally she says, "Ad, I want you to go with me to Lincoln tomorrow." That was Sunday.

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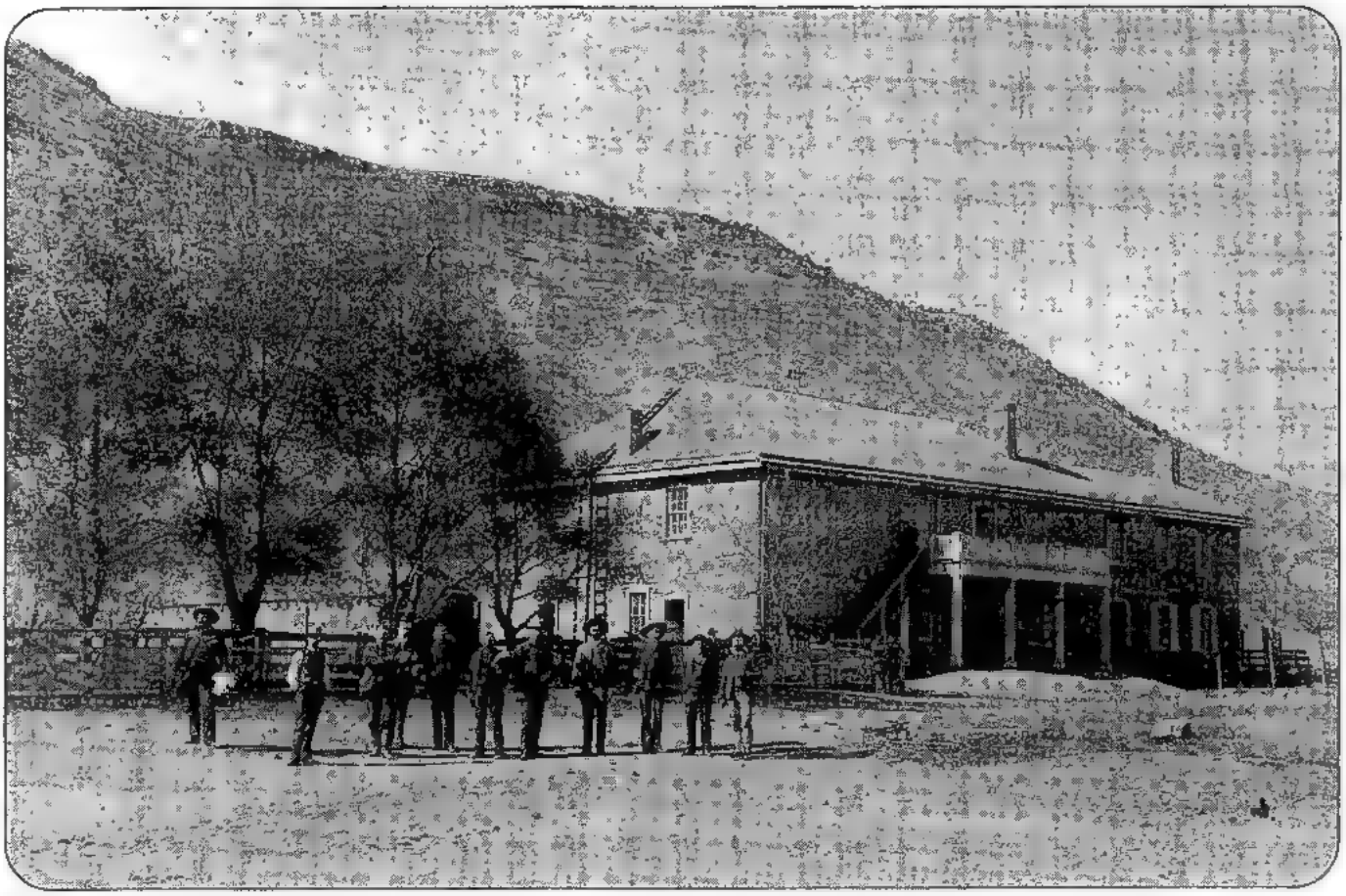


Robert G. McCubbin

The Lincoln County courthouse, formerly the Murphy-Dolan store, in 1881.

We fixed up and started and we got where the Hondo store is now....there was two Mexican women—[E]Sequio Sanchez's wife was one of them—and...this other one was single—Josefita Analla. She says, "The law in old Mexico is that when a person is sentenced to be hung and a girl asks for him to marry her, they have got to reverse the sentence and give him to that girl." I had never heard of any such law. I laughed and she cried. That was Josefita. Her sister Mrs. Sanchez says, "They'll never hang him. We have got fourteen men now to take him out, and that's aplenty, but we'll get more, and they'll not hang him."

So I went to Bob and told him right that very day. I says, "You want to watch out up there. Sequio Sanchez [is] a sonofagun, and he's one of the Kid's main friends. He was an expert with a six shooter. He was a bugger. Bob, he lets off a whole lot of steam and blowed and said forty men couldn't get to that corral. I dropped the subject right there.

The Kid killed Bell and Olinger and escaped the next Thursday. Recounting events after the Kid shot Bell, Garrett said, "Olinger heard the shot and started back across the street accompanied by L.M. Clements." Who was Clements? Why, in all the books about Billy the Kid and in all the accounts of Olinger's death, has his participation never been examined or his account of events sought out?

Olinger hurried across the dusty street to see old man Gottfried Gauss, a former Tunstall supporter, coming toward him calling his name. "Bob," Gauss reported, "the Kid has just killed Bell."

Almost simultaneously, from the window above their heads, the Kid called softly, "Hello, Bob."

Olinger looked up, saw the twin bores of his own shotgun poking through the window and the merciless eyes of the Kid behind them, and he knew he was a dead man.

Bob Olinger was buried at Fort Stanton. The grave, like those of so many who figured in Lincoln County's wars, was unmarked. Because he had no epitaph, we can choose one from what people said about Olinger after he died. Gus Gildea said he was "a damned rascal and deserved killing." Jake Owens called him "a murderer." Lily Casey Klasner said he was "considerate and generous." Susan McSween labeled him "a ruffian and a brute [who] was more generally hated than any man in the country." The editors of the *New Mexican* said Olinger was "noble, brave, generous and true as steel." His mother reportedly branded him "a murderer from his cradle," and said, "if there is a hell I know he is there."

Was Bob Olinger a blowhard or a badman? The jury is still out.

Crazy Horse

THE MAN BEHIND THE MYTH

By John A. Demay

As a Sioux warrior, he played key roles in the Fetterman Massacre in 1866 and the Battles of the Rosebud and the Little Bighorn in 1876. He fought in countless battles and skirmishes against Crows, Shoshones, Arapahos, Pawnees, and Kiowas. Of the many Sioux warriors and chiefs, few, if any, achieved the fame of this man, the one called Crazy Horse.

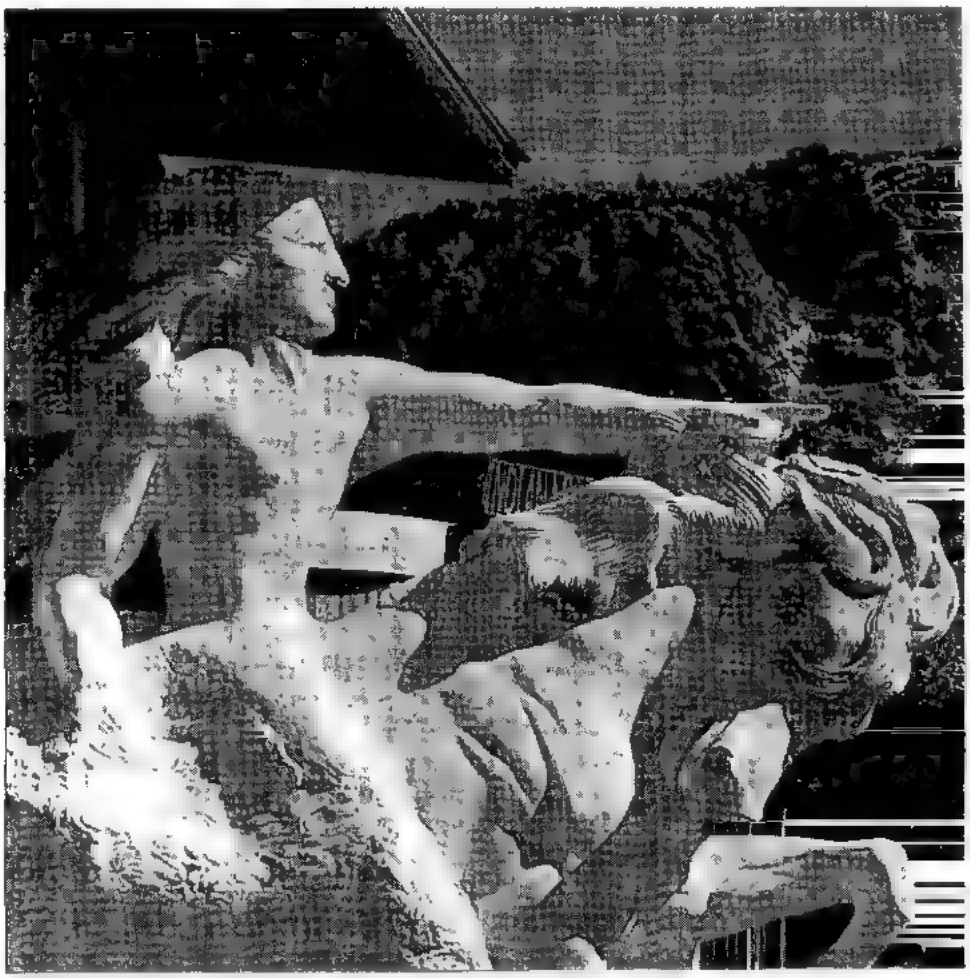
As with many historical figures, myths surround Crazy Horse. But what are the facts of his life?

He was born about 1838; the exact year is uncertain and sources vary between 1838 and 1845. His father was an Oglala Sioux, his mother a Brulé. He had an older sister and a younger brother, Little Hawk.

As a child he was called "Curly." His father gave him the name "Crazy Horse" after a spectacular raid against some Arapahos. He took two scalps in that raid, but Crazy Horse apparently did not like the practice of scalping. This occasion and one other, years later when he took two scalps in a raid against Crows, are the only documented instances of his indulging in the practice.

As an adult, Crazy Horse looked markedly different from other Sioux males. His brother-in-law, Red Feather, said, "Crazy Horse was a nice-looking man, with brown—not black—hair, a sharp nose, and a narrow face. Nobody on the reservation nowadays looks like him. His nose was straight and thin. His hair was very long, straight and fine in texture." United States Army Captain John Bourke met Crazy Horse in 1877, just a few months before his death, and said, "I saw before me a man who looked quite young, not over thirty years old [he was actually about thirty-nine], five feet eight inches high, lithe and sinewy, with a scar in the face. The expression of his countenance was one of quiet dignity, but morose, dogged, tenacious and melancholy." Little Killer, a friend of Crazy Horse, said, "Crazy Horse was a short, little man. He did not have black hair; he had brown hair like a white man's and a long, straight nose. His eyes were black like a Lakota's." Short Buffalo said, "'He had black eyes that hardly ever looked straight at a man."

Crazy Horse also had an unusual personality. He was always a loner and many people used the word "strange" to describe him. Black Elk, a cousin of Crazy Horse, said that when he was young, he was always a



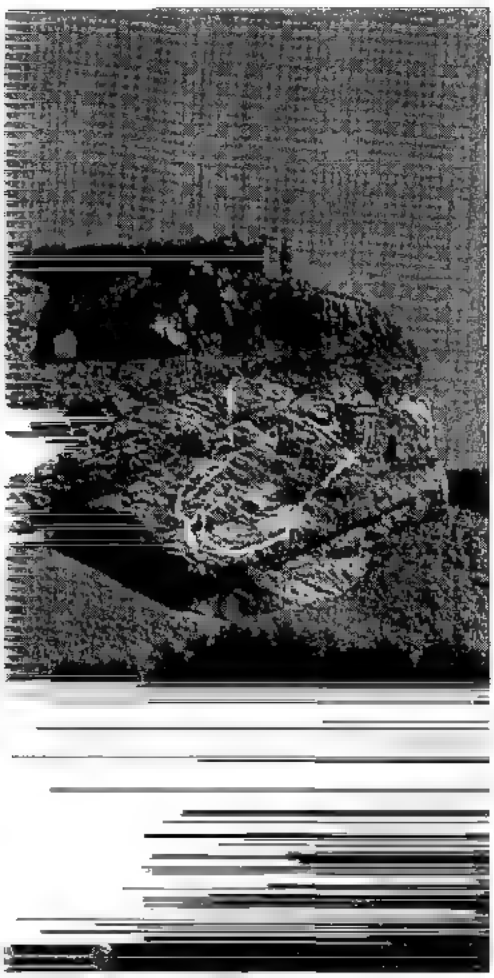
The Crazy Horse Mountain sculpture in the Black Hills of South Dakota epitomizes the heroic Indian warrior of legend, but as is often the case, the man proves much more

little afraid of the warrior. He explained, "Everybody felt that way about him for he was a queer man and would go about the village without noticing people or saying anything."

Singing and dancing were normal forms of entertainment in the Sioux society, but Crazy Horse never joined a dance and was never heard to sing. Sioux warriors also regularly bragged about their acts of bravery, yet Crazy Horse refused to boast of his deeds. Where loud lamentation for the dead was called for he refused to weep. He received the highest honor possible from his people when they appointed him a "Shirt-Wearer Chief," and yet He Dog, another such appointee, said "He never spoke in council and attended very few." It seems odd that a man would accept such an appointment and then not participate in the councils. He also refused to undergo the ritualistic self-torture of the Sun Dance ceremony, and when he smoked a pipe with others he insisted that each smoker tamp the tobacco with his thumb and only his thumb.

Author's Photo

Little Bighorn Battlefield, the scene of one of Crazy Horse's great triumphs. He led warriors up Deep Ravine Crossing at the left-center of photo.



File Photo

complex—and more interesting—than the myth.

Frequently Crazy Horse would disappear from the tribal camp. In fact, Black Elk said, "He hardly ever stayed in the camp. People would find him out alone in the cold, and they would ask him to come home with them. He would not come. People wondered if he ate anything at all." Once when Black Elk's father found Crazy Horse in the wilds by himself, Crazy Horse explained, "Uncle, you have noticed me the way I act. But do not worry; there are caves and holes for me to live in, and out here the spirits may help me."

Sioux Indians admired Crazy Horse for his generosity. When he returned from a hunting trip he freely passed out the meat among the needy. In a society which measured one's wealth by the accumulation of horses, Crazy Horse gave his away except for the few he needed for war or hunting. He dressed modestly even while his peers prided themselves on ostentatious displays of clothing and decoration. He never wore a warbonnet. He seems to have lived a quiet, frugal life, giving anything he didn't need to others. Other members of the tribe praised him for those characteristics.

Fighting was Crazy Horse's passion and he was a superb warrior. His friend, Chips, said, "when we were young all we thought about was going to war with some other nation; all tried to get their names up the highest, and whoever did so was the principal man in the nation; and Crazy Horse wanted to get to the highest station and rank." Crazy Horse made it—and then some. In addition to being one of only four men made a "Shirt-Wearer Chief," he was later made war chief of the whole Oglala tribe. Finally, both he and He Dog were especially honored by being given ancient, honorary lances to become "lance-bearers" of the Crow Owners Society, a prestigious warrior group.

While he was a skilled and brave warrior, Crazy Horse was not foolish. His brother, Little Hawk, was rash, as was Hump, his best friend, and both of them were killed. He Dog, a life-long companion who was in many fights with Crazy Horse, said, "He didn't like to start a battle unless he had it all planned out in his head and knew he was gong to win. He always used judgment and played safe."

He Dog recalled the fall day in the Wind River Mountains when Hump was killed in a fight with Shoshones. A drizzly rain was turning to snow and Crazy Horse did not want to fight that day. He said to Hump, "I wonder if we can make it back to Cone Creek. I doubt if our horses can stand a fight in this slush. They sink in over their ankles." Hump jeered at him, pointing out that this would be the second time Crazy Horse had called off a fight at the same place. Crazy Horse reluctantly agreed to charge but yelled, "I think we are going to get a good licking....It's a bad place for a fight and a bad day for it."

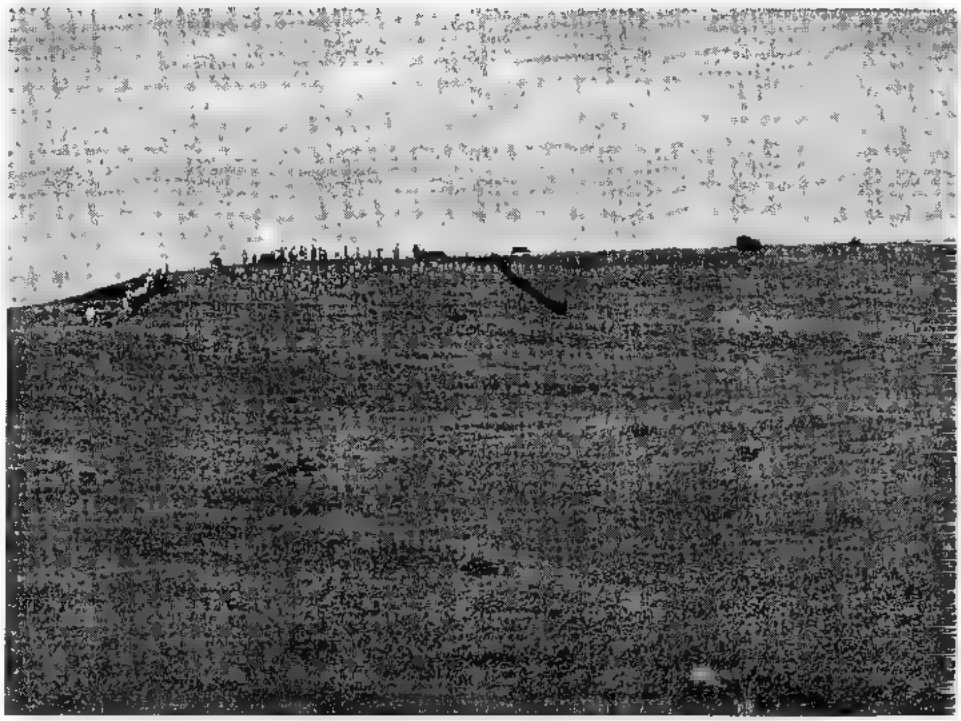
The fight was apparently a debacle from the start. As Hump and Crazy Horse raced for their lives, Hump called out, "We're up against it now; my horse has a wound in his leg." Crazy Horse shouted back, "I know it. We were up against it from the start." Crazy Horse escaped, but the Shoshones rode down and killed Hump.

Crazy Horse never charged recklessly into an enemy force with only a war club or coup stick. He Dog laughed at the thought of such a thing. "Crazy Horse always stuck close to his rifle. He always tried to kill as many as possible of the enemy without losing his own men." He Dog added, "In critical moments of the fight Crazy Horse would always jump off his horse to fire. He is the only Indian I ever knew who did that often. He wanted to be sure that he hit what he aimed at."

Like all Plains Indian warriors, Crazy Horse's key to success in battle was his "medicine." Typically, he received his revelation in a dream brought on by solitary fasting. His medicine protected him, gave him nerve, and courage, and was essential to victory. In his case it required that he draw a red lightning bolt down one cheek from forehead to jaw, that he apply white dots on his body representing hail, that he attach a brown pebble behind one ear, place a single hawk feather in his hair, and throw a handful of dust on himself and his pony. In later years his friend Chips, a medicine man, gave him a white stone attached to a leather thong. Crazy Horse had to put the thong over his head and shoulder so that the stone rested under his left arm. Then he was prepared for battle.

Such preparation was of the utmost importance, and Crazy Horse allowed no emergency to disrupt the ritual. Consider his conduct during the early part of the Battle of the Little Bighorn when Major Marcus Reno and three troops of the Seventh Cavalry attacked the Indian camps. Crazy Horse's Oglalas were about a mile north of the action but could hear the battle. According to Standing Bear, the Oglala warriors got ready to fight, but "Crazy Horse...took time to consult the medicine men and invoke the spirits. This he did very coolly, and he delayed so long that many of his warriors became impatient." Short Buffalo said that when Crazy Horse finally arrived at the battle site, "We had Reno's men on the run across the creek....'Too late! You've missed the fight!' we called out to him." Later that day, of course, Crazy Horse played a crucial role in the defeat of Lieutenant Colonel George Armstrong Custer's cavalry detachment.

Crazy Horse was engaged in almost constant warfare with other Indian tribes and encroaching white men. He raided, killed, and stole horses routinely from the Crows, Shoshones, Arapahos, Pawnees, United States cavalry, wagon trains, stagecoaches, telegraph stations, and forts. He is believed to have been involved in the sack of Julesburg, Colorado, in early 1865. Billy Garnett, an army scout, once



Two views of the sprawling Little Bighorn Battlefield: (left) Last Stand Hill and Battle Ridge. Crazy Horse led his men over the ridge to the right and helped defeat soldiers

When No Water's group found Crazy Horse's camp, No Water entered the tepee of the bridal couple and shot Crazy Horse in the face. The bullet entered a nostril and fractured his jaw but Crazy Horse survived. No Water ran for his life from the hostile camp and Black Buffalo Woman crawled out the rear of the tepee.

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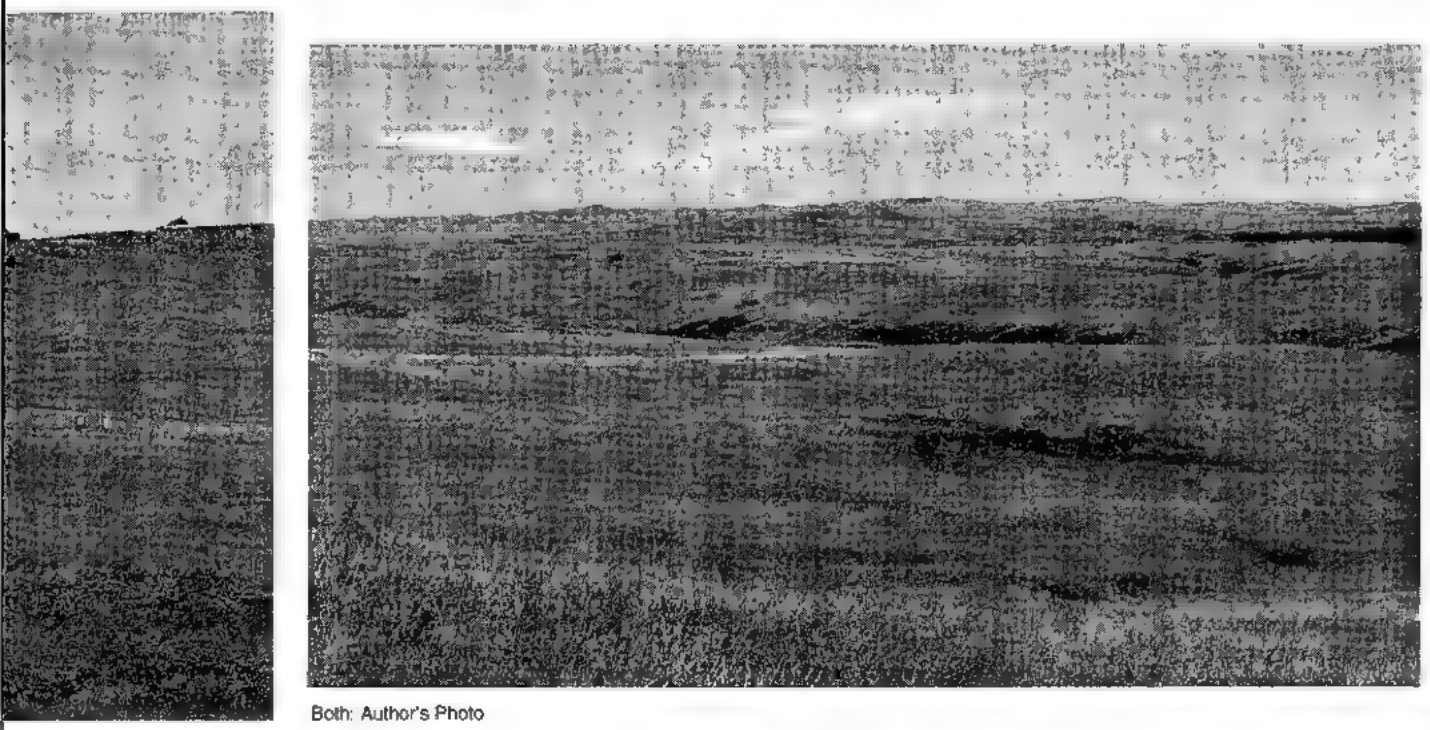


Both: Author's Photo

on the other side. Then, when Custer and the remnants of his troops gathered at the left, Crazy Horse helped in their final destruction; (right) the South Skirmish Line, where supposedly a few soldiers were killed at the markers after rushing from Last Stand Hill.

commented that "Crazy Horse and Little Big Man carried on a lively business in horse-stealing and the killing of white men."

Through battle, Crazy Horse gained a reputation as a great warrior, perhaps the greatest of the Sioux. He became the ideal of his people, and young men idolized him.

Yet he was unlucky at love. The woman he loved, and for whom he risked much, was Black Buffalo Woman. But she was already married to a brave named No Water and had three children by him. Nevertheless, Crazy Horse wooed her and won her. One day she left camp with him and a small war party, purportedly on an expedition against Crows.

Their behavior was acceptable. According to Sioux custom either spouse could terminate a marriage for any reason, or no reason at all. That same custom required No Water to stoically accept his rejection. Perhaps in time Crazy Horse would have placated him with the gift of a horse or two.

Nevertheless, No Water refused to play by those rules, and he chose to defy custom. He Dog said that "he gathered up a fairly strong war-party and went after [Crazy Horse]." Even though the incident occurred about 1870 at the height of Crazy Horse's glory, No Water was able to put together a war party whose sole purpose was to fight Crazy Horse, if necessary, to retrieve the woman. Clearly affection for Crazy Horse was not universal, and many Sioux men did not consider Crazy Horse a great man.

When No Water's group found Crazy Horse's camp, No Water entered the tepee of the bridal couple and shot Crazy Horse in the face. The bullet entered a nostril and fractured his jaw but Crazy Horse survived. No Water ran for his life from the hostile camp and Black Buffalo Woman crawled out the rear of the tepee. She ran to close relatives who watched over her and, after passions cooled, went back to No Water. After the incident many warriors were willing to fight to protect No Water from Crazy Horse and his followers, and He Dog says that "for awhile it looked as if a lot of blood would flow."

Crazy Horse not only lost the woman and was badly wounded, but he also lost his Shirt-Wearer status for willfully causing disruption within the tribe. A Shirt-Wearer Chief was supposed to resolve problems, not cause them.

Crazy Horse's second wife was Black Shawl, sister of Red Feather, who said both of them married later in life than usual for Sioux people. Crazy Horse would have been thirty-three or thirty-four years old at the time. He and Black Shawl had one child, a daughter, who died at age two. Crazy Horse loved the child very much and was distraught at her death. Frank Grouard, a friend and interpreter, went with him to the burial scaffold. He said Crazy Horse climbed onto the scaffold and lay beside the child for three days in mourning.

Sioux culture allowed men to have more than one wife. When Crazy Horse entered the Red Cloud Agency in northwestern Nebraska, he took a young and beautiful half-blood girl named Nellie Laravie as another wife.

Reservation life caused many intertribal problems, especially when some Indians entered reservations and others did not. Friends became estranged, and white authorities ignored some chiefs

Author's Photo

The parade ground at the reconstructed Fort Robinson The adjutant's office is at the left, the guardhouse at the right.

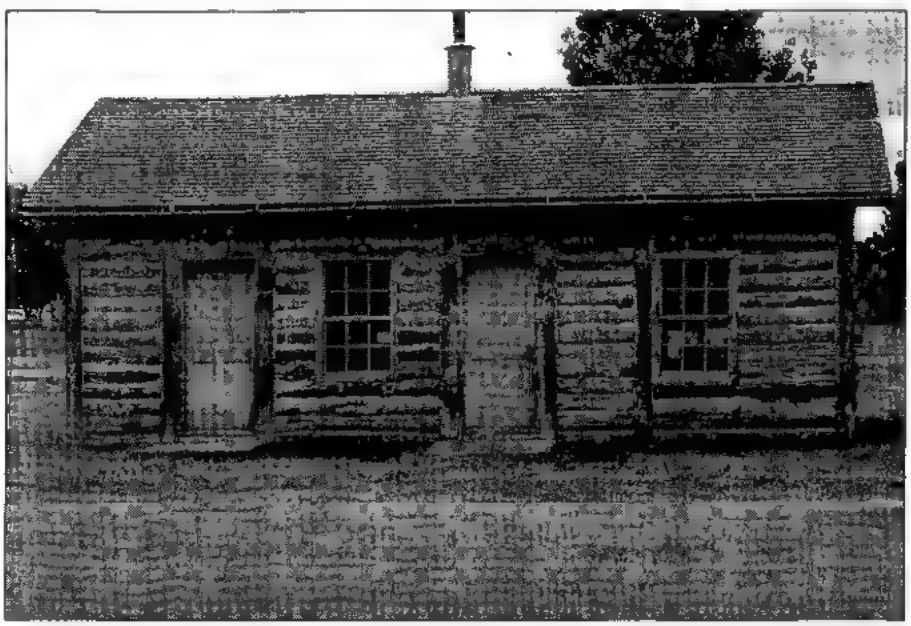
while giving others unheard of powers and authority. An Indian police department, with powers far beyond the ancient Indian police, was established. The entire political and social structure of the Sioux people was turned upside down.

Such changes greatly affected Crazy Horse in his last days. He was among the last of the fighting Sioux to join the reservation. The famed chief Red Cloud; Spotted Tail, an uncle of Crazy Horse; and American Horse, Sword, and Young Man Afraid of His Horses, who had been appointed Shirt-Wearer Chiefs along with Crazy Horse, had all entered reservations before him. They now saw Crazy Horse as a troublemakers. Also, Northern Cheyennes hated him because he had refused assistance to their starving people after the army defeated them in the Dull Knife battle of November 1876. They began enlisting as scouts to fight Crazy Horse.

On May 6, 1877, along with his close friend Little Big Man, Crazy Horse surrendered at the Red Cloud Agency. According to Captain Bourke, he brought with him "not quite 2500 ponies, over three hundred warriors, one hundred and forty six lodges, with an average of almost two families in each, and between eleven hundred and eleven hundred and fifty people all told."

For a while things were quiet, but Crazy Horse stayed aloof and was uncooperative. Four times he was asked to attend councils at the agency and he refused. He was asked to go to Washington, and he refused. He refused to sign receipts for his rations and annuity goods. Indian agent Dr. James Irwin found him "silent, sullen, lordly and dictatorial."

United States Army General George Crook got reports on Crazy Horse's activities from agency Indians and his own scouts, and he was troubled. Young Indians idolized Crazy Horse and rumors arose that Crazy Horse might "break out" and take hundreds of young followers with him.



Author's Photo

The adjutant's office at Fort Robinson. The commanding officer's office was to the left, the adjutant's, where Crazy Horse died, was to the right.

In late August, Crook called for a council of chiefs, including Crazy Horse, at the Spotted Tail Agency, about sixty miles from the Red Cloud Agency. He wanted to discuss Crazy Horse's unhappiness and the rumors of a threatened breakout. Woman's Dress, a scout, stopped Crook on his way to the meeting and warned him not to proceed because Crazy Horse meant to kill him. Interpreter Frank Grouard also claimed to have overheard details of the planned assassination.

Crook took the warning seriously and turned back to the Red Cloud Agency. There he called for a private meeting of the reservation chiefs to discuss Crazy Horse. Crook asked the chiefs to arrest Crazy Horse rather than have the army do it. Amazingly, the chiefs—including Red Cloud and Spotted Tail—recommended that Crazy Horse be killed.

Calling it murder, Crook forbade it. Instead he directed the assembled chiefs to arrest Crazy Horse themselves, using their own people, but supported by white troops. A strong force went to Crazy Horse's village, about six miles from Fort Robinson, Nebraska, but he learned of their approach and fled to the Spotted Tail Agency. There Crazy Horse's uncle recommended he turn himself in. Crazy Horse learned that neither he nor his followers were wanted at the Spotted Tail Agency.

Crazy Horse finally agreed and started for Fort Robinson under guard. On September 5, 1877, Crazy Horse arrived at the fort and was ordered to be jailed. Four friends—Turning Bear, Sword, Little Big Man, and Leaper—escorted him to jail.

The parade ground and the area around the guardhouse was full of excited Indians. Red Cloud and many of his followers occupied the ground on one side of the jail, American Horse and his men stood on the other side. He Dog and some of Crazy Horse's people milled around. A lone sentry, William Gentles, was on guard outside the building.

The guardhouse had an office, then a doorway leading to the jail proper. Crazy Horse entered the office, and as he was being led toward the jailroom, he apparently realized for the first time that he was going to be imprisoned.

Crazy Horse began to fight. He had a revolver strapped to his waist but someone seized it. He grabbed his knife and began to flail about him. Pandemonium reigned as the Indians around him struggled to restrain him. Little Big Man fought with him, and Crazy Horse slashed him twice with the knife.

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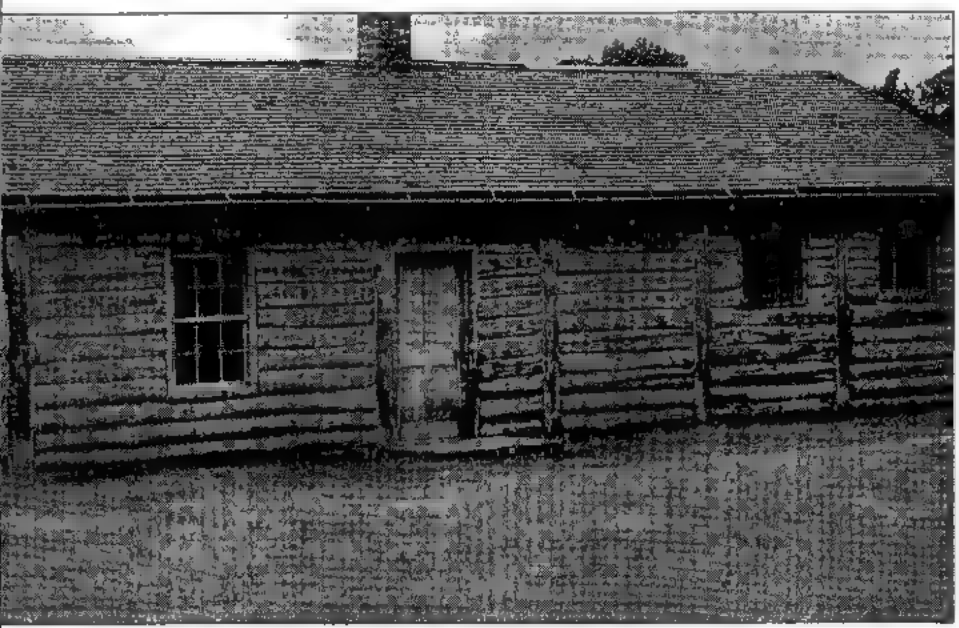
The fight spilled out of the building and onto the ground outside. American Horse and Red Cloud, seeing the melee, yelled to their people "shoot to kill." American Horse even pulled out his pistol to shoot Crazy Horse, but people in front of him blocked his view. Private Gentles, taking in the scene, lowered his rifle, bayonet fixed. He rushed forward and stabbed Crazy Horse above the hip.

Or did he?

Little Big Man, who most certainly was there, said Gentles missed and buried his bayonet in the guard house door. He also claimed that as he himself fought Crazy Horse, he deflected the warrior's knife and it accidentally entered Crazy Horse's abdomen.

Captain Bourke said Crazy Horse "received a severe wound in the lower part of the abdomen, either from a knife or a bayonet, the surgeons are in doubt which." In either event the wound was fatal.

That night, in the adjutant's office, surrounded by the doctor, his friend Touch the Clouds, and his mother and father, Crazy Horse died. Touch the Clouds added these words to the moment—"It is well. He has looked for death and it has come."



Author's Photo

The guardhouse at Fort Robinson. The guards occupied the room to the left, the jail the room to the right. Crazy Horse grappled with Little Big Man in front of this door.

Across the Rockies in th of Winter

A man needed courage to be a fur hunter in the first decades of the nineteenth century, and to lead other men such as himself he had to have a stubborn determination to press on when everything went dead wrong. Such a man was Scottish-born Alexander Ross, the first white man to lead an expedition across the Continental Divide in the dead of winter—an expedition that almost ended in disaster.

Born in 1783, Ross had become a veteran fur trader. From 1810 to 1812 he had worked for John Jacob Astor's American Fur and Pacific Fur companies, then joined the British North West Company when it bought Astor's concerns in 1813. He remained with that company when it merged with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821. At the time of the transition Ross was in charge of Fort Nez Perce (which later became Fort Walla Walla) at the junction of the Snake and Columbia rivers in present southeastern Washington.

Fur companies sent out "brigades" to trap beavers and trade with Indians. The North West Company had sent Peter Skene Ogden into the Snake River country

with much success. When the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company merged, George Simpson, the Hudson's Bay Company's resident governor in North America, wanted the brigades to continue into that quarter. He contracted Ross to lead such a brigade even though Ross wanted to retire to the Red River Valley. At Ogden's urging Ross agreed to accept the contract for one year.

e Dead

By WILLIAM J. BETTS

Illustrated by Gary Zaboly

In 1823 Ross formed an expeditionary party at Flathead House, now Eddy, Montana. After some delays and difficulty mustering men, Ross's group left Flathead House in late November. With such a late start, the full force of winter would soon be upon them.

The company was a motley group of fifty-five men—two Americans, seventeen Canadians, twelve Iroquois, two Abanhee Indians from lower Canada, and the rest Indians from the Columbia River area. Half of the men were married, with their wives and children (sixty-four in all) accompanying them. The column had 392 horses; seventy-five guns; a good supply of powder and ball; a brass three-pounder cannon; 212 beaver traps; and some trading articles such as cloth, beads, buttons, and tobacco.

Even though winter was fast approaching the expedition left Flathead House with a bare minimum of food supplies; Ross was depending upon the skill of his hunters for food. If Ross had any misgivings about starting so late in the season, he kept them to himself.

THEIR FIRST CAMP was at a place Ross called *Prairie de Chevaus* (Horse Prairie). Hunters in advance of the main party had killed but six deer—slim rations for so many.

They left the Flathead River, reached Flathead Lake, followed up Jacques Fork (the Jako River), and camped at River Aux Marons (Finley Creek). There Ross ran into trouble with his own men.

Ross noticed the Iroquois talking among themselves. Old Pierre, their leader, gestured widely as he talked. Ross was sure that the old Indian would want to see him. Early the next morning, Old Pierre and another Iroquois, John Grey, were at the door of Ross's tent asking permission to see their accounts before they continued on the trek. That was the way the Iroquois usually opened a discussion, and Ross complied with their request. Each member of the party who trapped beaver had an account with the company in which he was credited for the furs he turned in against what he owed for items he bought on account. Usually they were so hopelessly in debt they were little more than slaves.

Ross showed the two their accounts. When the Indians saw how much they owed the company, they asked Ross if they could go out on their own and trap more beavers. That would let them pay off their accounts much faster. Ross said he would try to give them every chance to trap more beavers if they stayed with the expedition.

THE IROQUOIS left, seemingly satisfied, but when they made camp that night they built their fires away from the others. Ross called Old Pierre and asked him what it was all about. The Iroquois leader told him that Grey was trying to persuade the others to leave the expedition. Ross decided to keep an eye on Grey.

To further curtail disillusionment and discontent among his men, Ross divided his Indian trappers into four groups and appointed a representative from each. When he needed to make a decision he would call the four together for a council meeting.

When the expedition reached Hellsgate, which opens on the present site of Missoula, Montana, Ross faced an important decision. Blackfeet and Piegan Indians used the road to reach the east side of the Bitteroot Range to make war on the Flatheads and Nez Percés. In turn the Flatheads used it to reach the buffalo country of the upper Missouri. Tribes had fought many battles there, and although it was winter, Ross's group might still encounter a war party. Ross had to decide whether to continue through the canyon along the relatively well-known war route, risking a dangerous encounter, or continue along the safer Bitterroot River, a region entirely unknown to him.

Ross called a meeting of the council and asked their advice after explaining the situation to them. They all agreed that it would be wiser to continue along the mountains and find a new pass to negotiate the Rockies. That was what Ross

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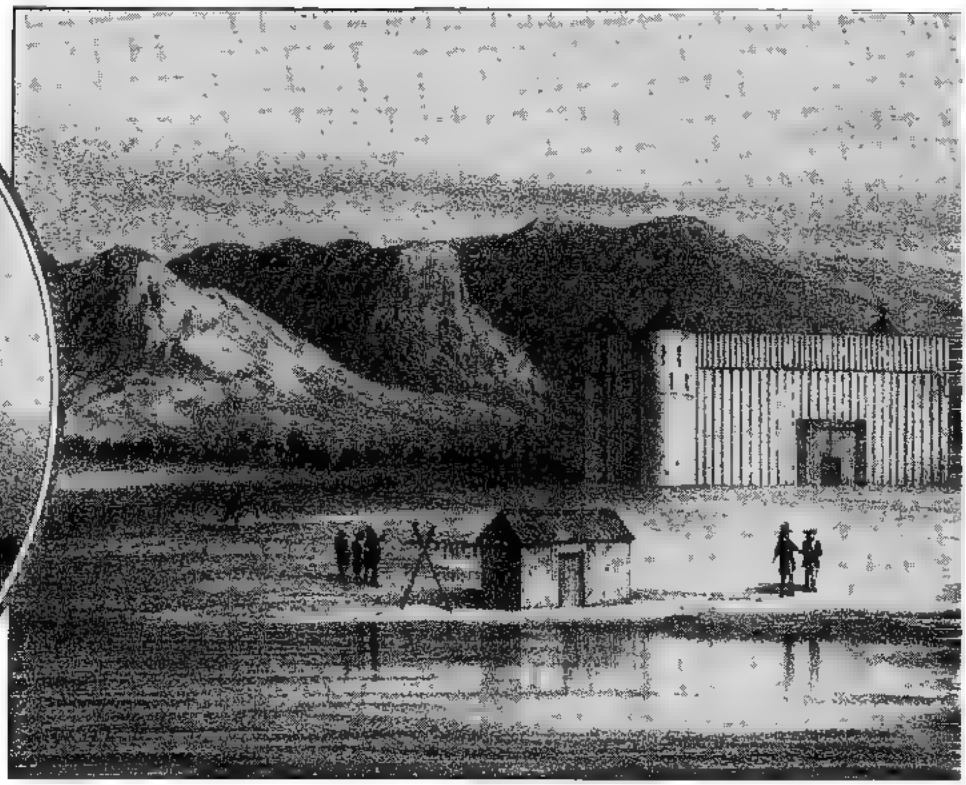
Alexander Ross, who doggedly led his column of fur trappers across the Continental Divide in the dead of winter.



Fort Nez Perce, Ross's headquarters for his winter trapping expedition.

had planned to do all along.

Game was plentiful at Hellsgate, so Ross allowed the hunters to kill as much game as they could before their trek along the mountains. Assured of an adequate food supply for some time, Ross ordered them to break camp on the third day.

Toward noon about the sixth day from Flathead House, the advance scouts raced back to inform Ross that they had observed a war party of Blackfeet. As it turned out the "war party" was eight Piegans resting in a willow thicket, their snowshoes at their side.

The Piegans, confronted with such a show of force, looked apprehensively at Ross. He told them that his men were fur traders and were friendly. The warriors grinned; through sign language they told Ross they had been in search of whites to trade with.

As far as Ross could see the Piegans had no furs. He signed to them, "Where are your furs? What have you to trade?"

Ross took the Piegans back to camp even though they had no furs. They smoked a pipe and Ross warned them that his group was heavily armed and that he would certainly kill them if they followed his column or tried to steal their horses. The Piegans again told him that they were friendly and only wanted to trade.

Ross wrote in his journal that several of the Iroquois traded all of their ammunition to the Piegans for "a few useless toys, one of which was a head-dress of feathers!" Such Indian trading infuriated Ross, yet the fur traders took advantage of that very trait in their commerce with them.

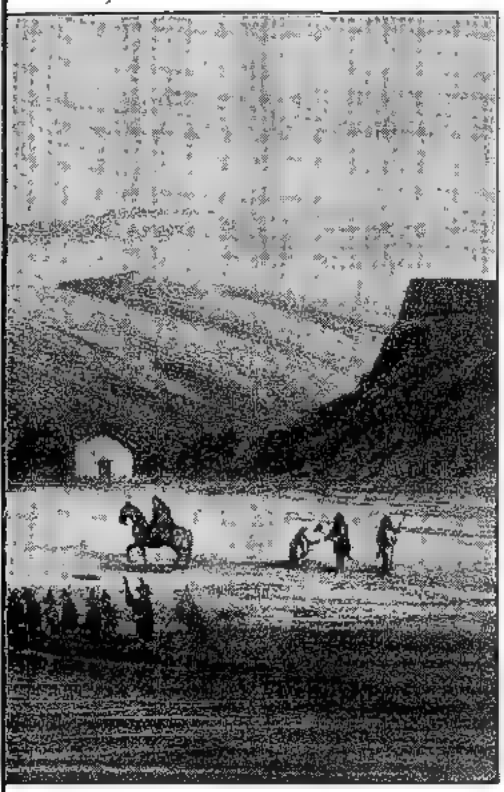
After their meeting with the Piegans, the Iroquois became very restless and desired to return to the Spokane country. Then two of them deserted. Ross well knew that if he allowed them to go others would follow, and if he lost all of his Indians the expedition would be vulnerable to attack. Ross personally went after them and forced them at gunpoint to return to the company. Now he had to watch over his own Indians as well as guard against the attack of hostile war parties.

The party continued up the Bitterroot Valley. The weather grew. An elderly woman was frostbitten; the children suffered. Despite the cold, or because of it, the hunters trapped beavers at almost every encampment. They killed elk, deer, and mountain goats. Game was plentiful; no one went hungry.

Then Ross got some awful news. A hunting party sent out earlier returned to camp late one evening, their faces haggard and drawn. They had been to the head of the river and found the mountains surrounding them in all directions. The snow was eight to ten feet deep. They would not be able to cross the mountains as planned.

Despite the hunters' report the stubborn Ross was determined to push on. On March 12, 1824, the expedition reached a deep valley (where Sula, Montana, is today) completely ringed by mountains. Ross named the cul de sac "The Valley of Troubles."

The next morning, Ross took six men and left camp to scout a route over the mountains. They followed a small river, now called Camp Creek, to its source where it ascended what



Library of Congress

is now called Saddle Mountain. Ross did not know that he was only a few miles north of Gibbon Pass, a much easier route over the Divide. Ross sent his scouts ahead to reconnoiter the mountain for a possible crossing while he returned to camp.

Indians did not usually go on the warpath during winter, but on March 17 Ross's scouts spotted a large group of Indians approaching their camp. Ross ordered some of his men into the woods and rolled out the brass cannon. If the approaching Indians were really a war party, he would be prepared.

The eighty-five braves in the party halted some 200 yards from camp. Ross signaled a truce and went out to meet them. He found them to be friendly Nez Percés, and he invited them to camp.

Ross learned the Nez Percés were tracking a party of Blackfeet who had stolen 135 of their horses. Ross asked the leader if he knew of a way to cross the mountains, a pass perhaps. The Indian shook his head. He told Ross that he would have to wait until spring; the snow was too deep. The Nez Percés left camp with Ross no closer to solving his predicament and, to make matters worse, he had no word from the six scouts he had sent to reconnoiter the mountains.

The following day, Ross returned to the place where he had bid his men good-bye six days before. Soon he saw the six scouts slowly making their way down the mountain. Each of them carried large packs of buffalo meat. Two of the men were nearly blind from the glare of the snow; all of them were so bone weary they were near collapse. Ross built a fire over which they roasted buffalo steaks. When they had eaten their fill and lighted their pipes, Ross asked them what lay ahead.

The leader of the group, Grand Paul, told him the snow was six to eight feet deep and the crust was strong but would not support a horse. The distance across the mountains was about twelve miles.

Grand Paul told of reaching the plains beyond the mountains where the snow was scarcely a foot deep. They found plenty of buffalo and killed sixteen of them but without wood to make stages to dry the meat they left most of it to the wolves.

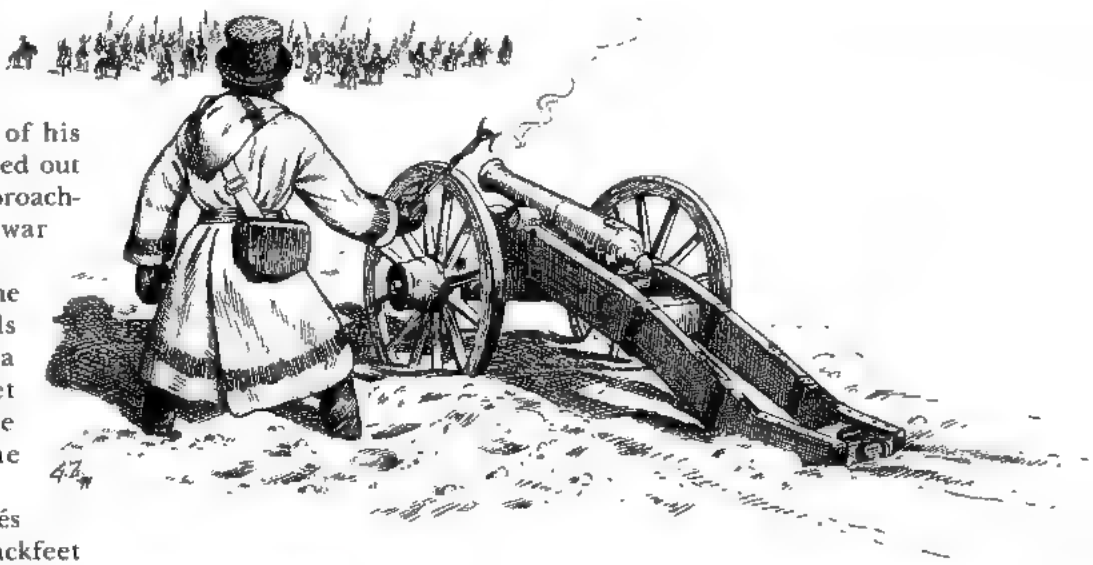
Ross knew that Grand Paul was a trusted hunter and wise. He followed orders. Ross told him that the column would have to go over the mountain, but he ordered Grand Paul to say nothing to the people about the depth of the snow or the distance across the mountains. Grand Paul would do as Ross instructed.

The scouts preceded Ross to camp. He needed time to think. It would be a tremendous job to get the expedition across the mountains. Could they do it?

When Ross returned to camp he called a meeting of the council. He told them what lay ahead, but greatly minimized the dangers. Some said that they must return and give up the attempt to cross to the plains. Ross told them they needed the buffaloes or they would die of starvation. Old Pierre agreed.

The council left the meeting convinced they should continue. But when the council members began to talk to others they again had misgivings and began to waver. To make matters worse, a foot of new snow fell during the night.

On March 20, despite the snow and the conflicting opinions, Ross set his plans in motion. He started



Ross ordered some of his men into the woods and rolled out the brass cannon. If the approaching Indians were really a war party, he would be prepared.

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with forty-five men and eighty horses to tramp out a "road." A man on snowshoes led the first horse while another used a whip to urge the poor animal on. When the horse took two or three lunges through belly deep snow it stopped in utter exhaustion. Ross left the animal there with just its head and neck showing above the snow.

The men whipped a second animal until it stop exhausted a few paces beyond the first. They continued that until they had all eighty horses strung out over the snow. Then they had to extricate the poor animals, a much more difficult job than urging them forward had been. In nine hours they made only 580 yards of "road." The men and horses returned to camp at dusk, exhausted and discouraged.

The next day Ross continued the road building. His men made 370 yards of road, all in the same way as the day before. The work continued with varying degrees of success until March 27, when the men reached the tree line. Before them now were open meadows where the snow lay in much deeper drifts.

AFTER ANOTHER DAY of back breaking work, they were but a third of the way across the mountain. The nights were freezing cold, the days warm. Everyone's clothing became wet during the day and froze stiff during the night.

Meanwhile, conditions in the camp deteriorated. Food was dangerously low and John Grey, wanting to leave again, was stirring up more trouble. Ross knew something had to be done, and he called a conference. He praised the hard work that everyone had done and said they would take a week from the work to send out hunters for meat. Perhaps in a week their work would progress faster because of snowmelt.

To hurry their crossing Ross proposed a new plan. They would make wooden mallets and shovels and one team would break the crust and another behind them would shovel the snow aside. Men not occupied with that work would tramp the remaining snow down with the horses. That would move them much faster.

The new plan seemed to convince the people that they could make it across the mountains—all except troublemaker John Grey. As soon as Ross was out of sight Grey tried to get the other Iroquois to leave the expedition with him.

That night, a little before sundown, Grey visited Ross's tent. "Grey said he wished to see me," Ross later wrote. "I told him to come in. After sitting down for a few minutes, he told me he was deputed by the Iroquois and other free men to let me know they regretted their promise made at the council meeting and could not fulfill it, that they were all resolved on abandoning the undertaking and turning back."

Ross talked with Grey for a long time trying explain why it was necessary to continue with the expedition. Even though the work was hard and dangerous their lives certainly depended on it. Grey, however, was determined to leave the party, and if any others wished to leave with him, they would be welcome.

Early the next morning, true to his word, Grey, saddled and loaded his horse, ready to test Ross' declaration that he would bring him back at gunpoint if necessary. Every eye in the camp was on Grey as he readied his horse. Ross knew that if Grey left the expedition every man would follow him within the hour. He had to be stopped.

Ross approached the Iroquois just as he was ready to mount his horse. He drew and cocked his pistol. "Before you leave us, John, you pay your debt to the company!"

"No, I go now!"

"Either you pay up or unsaddle your horse and turn it loose or, by God, I'll put a ball through your stubborn head!"

Grey looked intently into Ross's eyes, then at the men gathered around. No one spoke a word. A dog barked, children laughed, but among the men only their heavy breathing could be heard. Slowly the maverick Indian turned and, with shoulders drooping, began to unsaddle his horse.

Ross had won another round without firing a shot. He wondered how long his luck would hold out. Would the men continue to follow him? He knew that if they wanted to live they would have to cross the Divide.

Ross divided the Iroquois, sending four of them with a group of hunters across the mountains to hunt buffaloes. Some of the other hunters he dispatched in all directions to bring in game. Those who stayed in camp he put to work making mallets and shovels. Ross kept John Grey close by so he could keep an eye on him.

Some of the hunters returned with many bighorn sheep but they were in poor shape from the long winter. The buffalo hunters returned with loads of meat. With the combined hunts there would be enough food for two weeks more.

FROM APRIL 3 to 14, the men labored to clear a road through the snow. The people became moody, and Ross knew that if they were not successful they could very well starve to death. They had to make it.

By May 9 they had made nearly two miles of road. The people were elated. But Ross knew that if the winds should come up or if another snow storm should hit, their work would be in vain. Then on May 12, Ross and four men toiled until they were ready to drop, but they reached the other side of the Divide with their horses.

The weather remained calm, and on May 14 the expedition broke camp and prepared to leave the "Valley of Troubles." They camped for one more night at the foot of the mountain. Long before daylight on May 15 they were up and moving over the "road".

At the summit, people and animals were stretched out over a mile and a half. Six men with thirty unloaded horses led the way. After them came the loaded horses with the families following. Ross and four men brought up the rear.

"A load would upset," Ross wrote later, "or become disarranged, a horse ingulfed [sic], or some family

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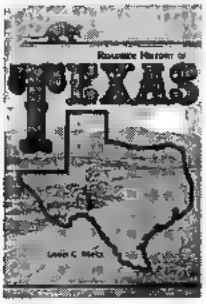

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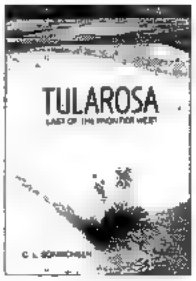

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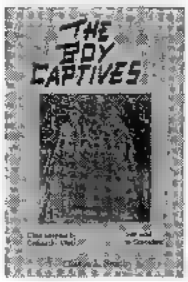

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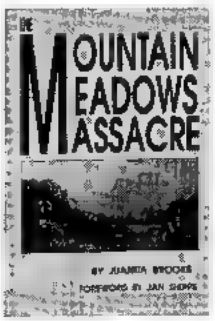

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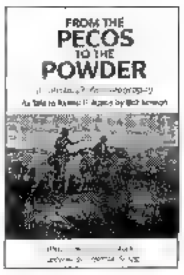

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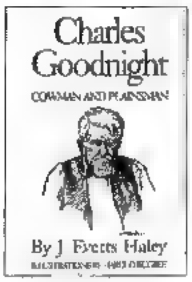

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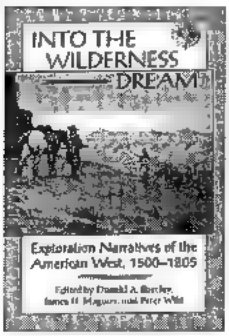

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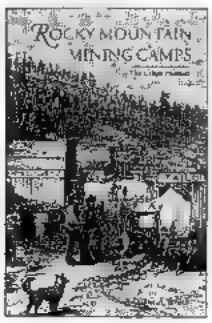

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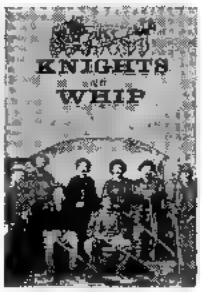

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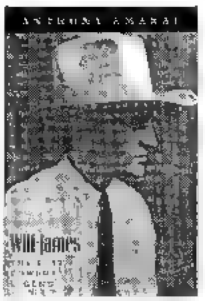

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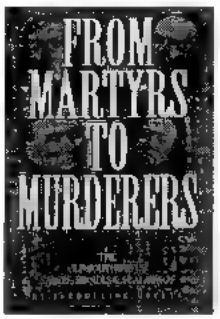

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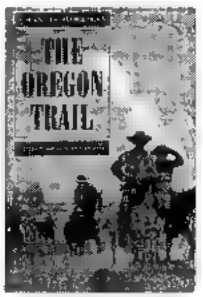

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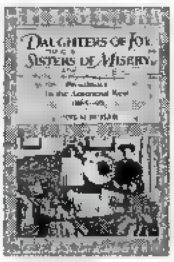

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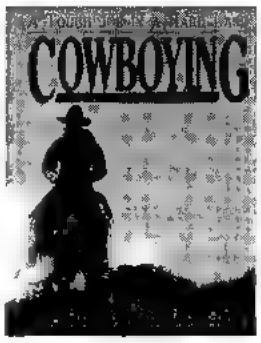

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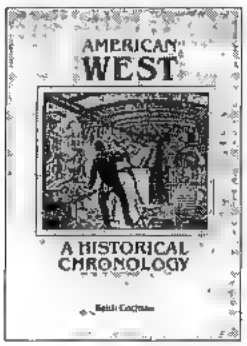

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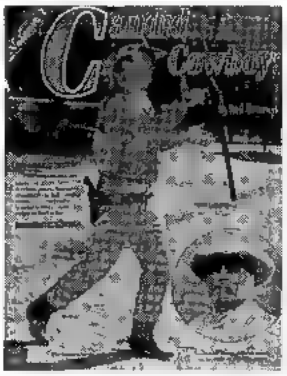

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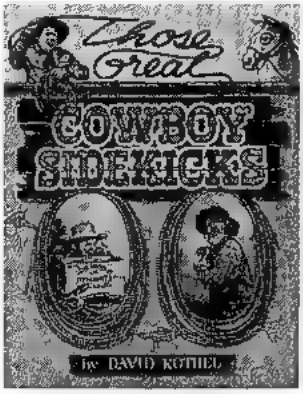

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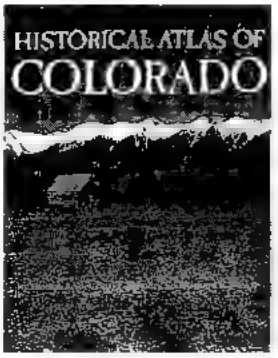

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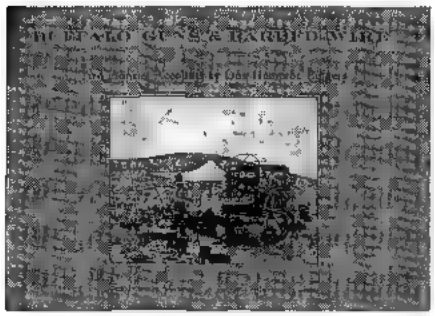

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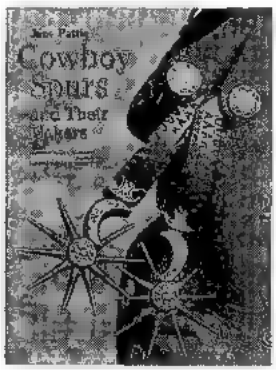

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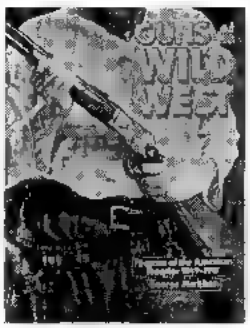

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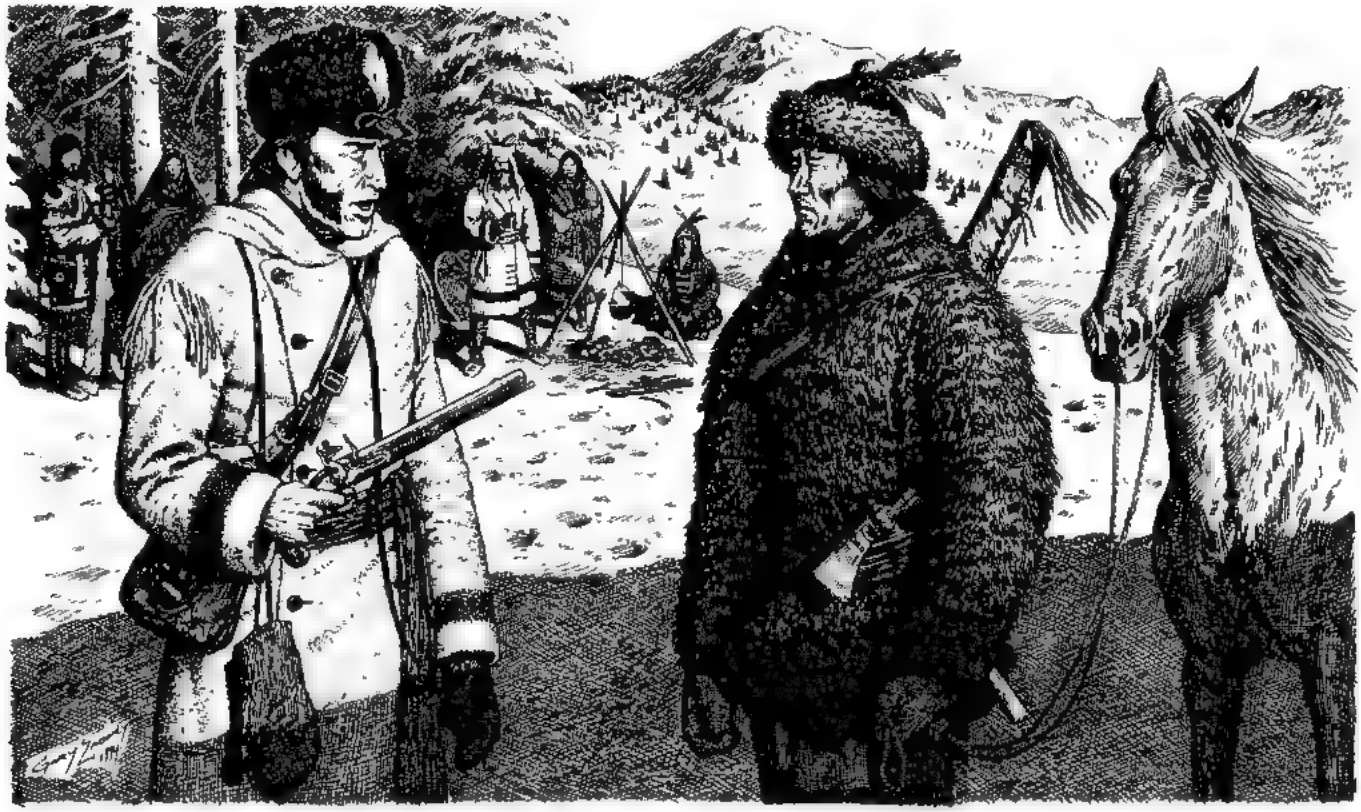


Ross approached the Iroquois just as he was ready to mount his horse. He drew and cocked his pistol. "Before you leave us, John, you pay your debt to the company!"

entangled in the snow. So it was a constant run forward and backward, lifting, adjusting and encouraging all day.

"It was a new scene in the wilderness. Nothing appearing above the surface of the snow, all that was moving, but the head and shoulders of the riders! Children calling out with hunger, men with thirst, women affrighted, dogs howling, a scream here and a scream there; yet amidst all this bustle, anxiety, and confusion we pressed forward and got safely across after fifteen hours of exertion just as the sun was setting, and without loss or accident to man or beast. And my first prayer was that a snowstorm might render the road impassable to both men and beasts, so as to prevent the Iroquois or anyone else attempting to turn back or give any further annoyance."

The "road building," with the combined efforts of all the men and 240 horses, took twenty-one days. During that time the whole expedition depended on the skills of the hunters to provide their supper.

The Valley of Troubles was probably near the present town of Sula, Montana. If that is so, then Ross and his party crossed the Continental Divide probably between Shook Mountain, elevation 7,561 feet, and Saddle Mountain, elevation 8,892 feet. The precise location where Ross tramped out his road is, of course, speculative as the country at that time was virtually unknown to fur trappers and mountain men.

From the very first Ross had sent out trappers at every opportunity and had been quite successful. Now that he had once more crossed the Continental Divide, he was ready to trap beaver through the Snake River Country. The spring hunt would end when warm weather caused animals to shed their winter coats and make their pelts worthless.

When warm weather terminated the hunt, "free trappers" or mountain men usually moved to a rendezvous where traders had come with trade goods. But the Hudson's Bay Company brigades did not operate that way. When the hunt was over they headed for their home fort, which, in Ross's case, was Fort Nez Perce. Ross's brigade met with little trouble on the trek home, and when they met friendly Indians Ross would trade with them. If the Indians seemed unfriendly the men of the expedition held them off with a show of force. As always, Ross posted guards at every encampment. Ross and his brigade arrived safely at Fort Nez Perce in the summer of 1824.

Ross turned in 5,000 beaver pelts, ending a very profitable hunt indeed. The era of the fur hunters closed when the beavers were trapped out, but it had been a time of courage and daring. Indeed, the determined Alexander Ross had shown plenty of mettle during his perilous winter march across the Divide. Ross retired from the company as he had earlier planned, and died in Manitoba, Canada, at the age of seventy-three in 1856.

State Historical Society of North Dakota Photo

A Bureau of American Ethnology photograph of Bear's Rib, a chief of the Hunkpapa Sioux, taken circa 1872.

BUFFALO HUNT WITH BEAR'S RIB

By Doreen Chaky

"The buffalo! The Indians! The mad excitement!" It was November 29, 1865, and John H. Vivian, forty-year-old surgeon for the Fiftieth Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry Regiment, had just returned to his post after a buffalo hunt led by a Sioux Indian chief. "[It] all makes an epoch in one's life," he wrote breathless to his wife, at home in Wisconsin.

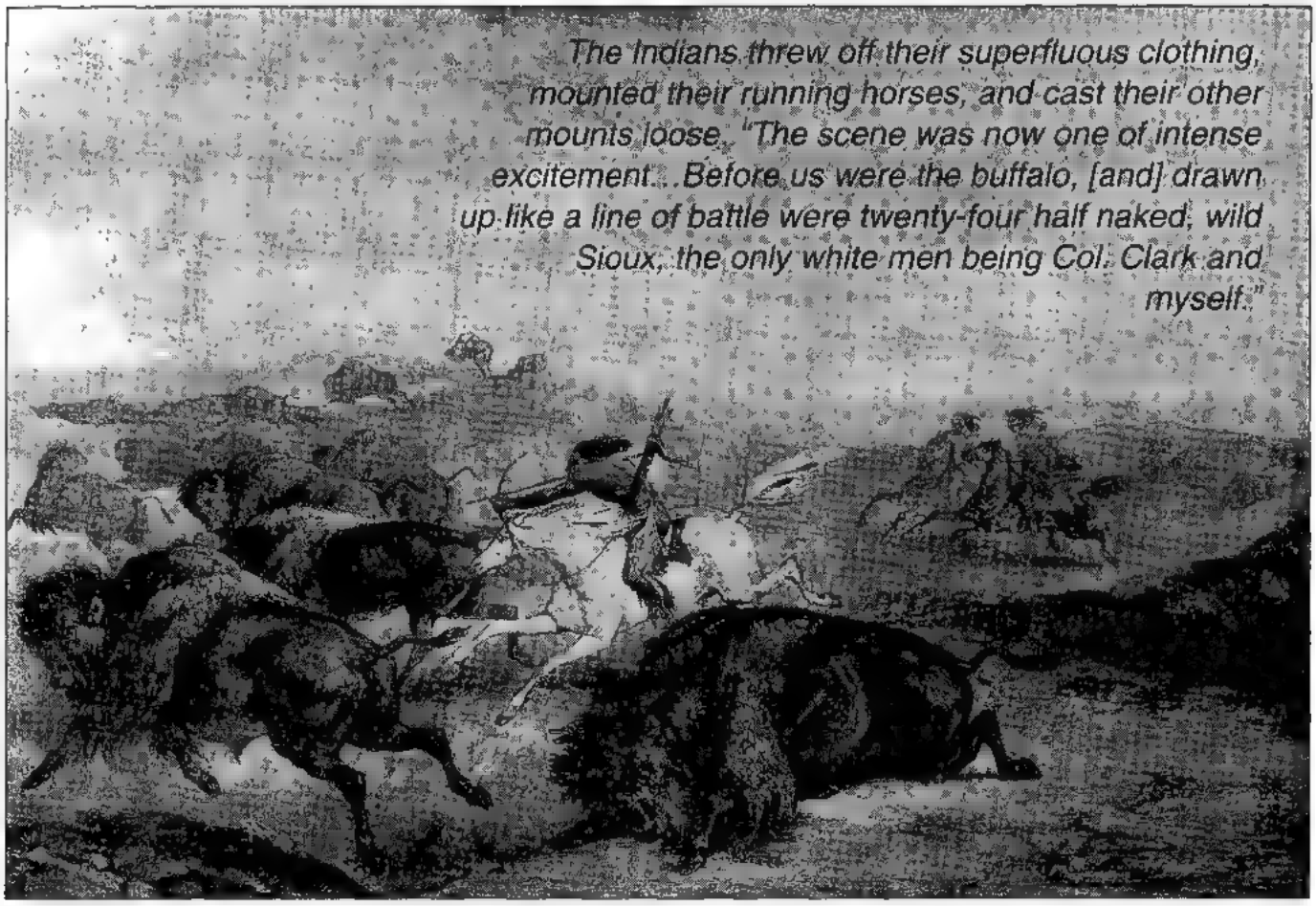
By the time Vivian was appointed surgeon of the Fiftieth early in 1865, the Civil War was near its end. Nevertheless, his regiment briefly pursued "bushwhackers" (rebel guerrillas) in Kansas and Missouri before being transferred to Dakota Territory to fight the Sioux.

On October 10, 1865, the regiment arrived at Fort Rice, an isolated post built in 1864 on the Missouri River twenty-six miles south of present-day Mandan, North Dakota. Vivian was not at all pleased with that wild country. A month after arriving, he wrote the editor of his hometown newspaper in Mineral Point, Wisconsin:

"What on earth any white man can want with Decotah, north and west of the James River, I do not know. It is only fit for Buffaloes and Indians. The whole territory is not worth in perpetuity what it costs to keep possession of it one year....

"Buffalo grass, upon which wild buffaloes feed, who are hunted by wilder Indians, and wolves whose dismal howls are answered back and re-echoed by the more dismal howls of the more savage redskin; these are Decotah's great and beneficent productions."

Vivian, who would not be so scornful of Dakota after his buffalo hunt, questioned why the military had been sent into so wild and savage a country. "At present it seems to be our main business to feed redskins with mouldy flour and maggoty bacon, and to build store houses in which to put other and newer stores, to keep till they too get


The Indians threw off their superfluous clothing, mounted their running horses, and cast their other mounts loose. "The scene was now one of intense excitement...Before us were the buffalo, [and] drawn up like a line of battle were twenty-four half naked, wild Sioux, the only white men being Col. Clark and myself."

State Historical Society of North Dakato Photo

Hunting Bison, by Karl Bodmer. This 1839–43 engraving and aquatint was one of many such scenes Bodmer depicted while in the Upper Missouri country.

mouldy and rotten, or until the rats, who are in myriads, eat them up. Truly, this, like all Indian wars, is a great humbug...."

This particular Indian war—the Great Sioux Uprising—began in 1862 when "agency" Sioux in Minnesota, frustrated by broken government promises and unfair treatment by traders, exploded into a killing rampage. Some of the guilty Indians went west to live among the nomadic Sioux tribes of Dakota Territory.

Faced with demands from terrified settlers in Wisconsin and Minnesota, and concerned for the safety of a reckless stream of gold-seekers crossing Dakota Territory into Montana and Idaho, the Union relinquished a few precious volunteer units to the frontier. The Fiftieth was the last of several volunteer outfits to garrison Fort Rice. Henceforth, it would be manned by regular soldiers.

On the very day the Fiftieth arrived at Fort Rice, peace talks with representatives of the Hunkpapa, Sans Arc, Lower Brulé, Upper and Lower Yanktonai, Oglala, Miniconjou, Two Kettle, and Blackfeet Sioux tribes began downriver at Fort Sully, near present-day Pierre, South Dakota. After eighteen days of negotiations with the United States government, those Sioux "touched the pen" to promise peace with whites and with other Indians in exchange for annuities. They promised, as well, to pull back from present and future routes used by whites traveling through their territory.

On November 9, some of the Indian leaders who had been at Fort Sully gathered at Fort Rice. "We had a pow wow on a small scale here today," Vivian wrote the *Mineral Point Weekly Tribune,* "in which the [Indians] reiterated all they had promised and vowed at Fort Sully...and concluded by begging something to eat, with powder, ball and tobacco. Something to eat they got; but [not] the other valuable commodities."

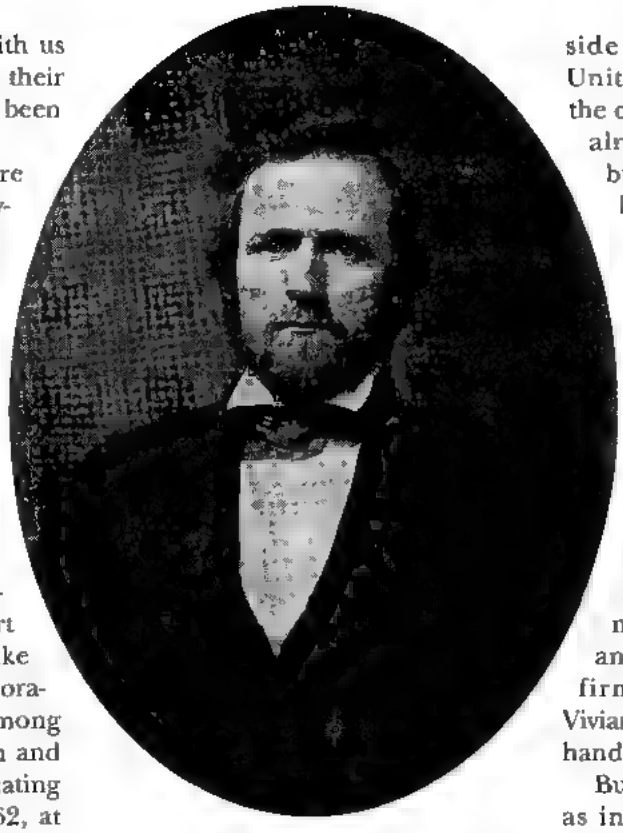
Bear's Rib, a young Hunkpapa Sioux chief, and Two Bears, a Yanktonai Sioux chief, had camped near Fort Rice for some time, befriending the post's commanders, eating meals with them and other officers. In June 1865, both had contributed some sixty warriors to the defense of the fort alongside the soldiers when some passing Indians appeared to have surrounded it. In July, when Sitting Bull led a war party of over a thousand Indians against the fort, it is likely that Bear's Rib again sided with the soldiers against him, although both were Hunkpapas. The Hunkpapa Sioux had long been split into peace and war factions.

Vivian remarked on this to his wife when he wrote her about the buffalo hunt. Some of the Indians

who went had been "at war with us not three months ago, though their leader [Bear's Rib] has always been the friend of the whites."

Vivian probably was unaware that Bear's Rib's father, a boyhood friend of Sitting Bull, had been appointed head chief of the Hunkpapa Sioux peace faction by Brigadier General William S. Harney during a treaty conference in 1856. Though the idea of a white man appointing Indian chiefs seems ludicrous, the government agents, by treating these "government chiefs" as the legitimate representatives of their people, did impart real power to them. Some, like the elder Bear's Rib, a forceful orator, created bitter enemies among the hostile holdouts of his own and other tribes by sincerely advocating peace with the whites. In 1862, at Fort Pierre, he was assassinated by a Sans Arc Sioux.

The younger Bear's Rib assumed his father's role as spokesman for the Hunkpapa peace faction. By the time of his buffalo hunt with the officers of the Fiftieth, he was well established in that role.



State Historical Society of Wisconsin Photo

John G. Clark, of Lancaster, Wisconsin, was badly hurt when he fell off his horse during the buffalo hunt.

Late on Friday, November 17, 1865, the hunters, Indians and whites, were ferried across to the east side of the Missouri River, where they would camp overnight. Besides Vivian, post commander Colonel John G. Clark, Captains John G. Spooner of Company A and Oscar M. Dering of Company C, two lieutenants, six other soldiers, a cook, and an interpreter comprised the officer's contingent.

Spooner would later distinguish himself in Wisconsin as an orator, politician, and United States Senator. As quartermaster for the Fifth Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry Regiment, Clark had seen action at Chickahominy and Antietam. After Congress passed the Conscripuon Act in 1863, he served as a district provost marshal until, at the close of the draft, he was commissioned colonel of the Fiftieth Regiment. Clark, from Lancaster, Wisconsin, was the same age as Vivian. Both men had been state legislators before the Civil War. But Wisconsin politics must have seemed a world away on that November night as they bivouacked beside the Missouri River. Some of the soldiers slept in the open, others stretched out in a wigwam.

They set out at dawn, Bear's Rib leading the "curious cavalcade." The chief was "an athletic young man, said to be only 19 years old," but Vivian thought he looked at least twenty-five. He was six feet tall and wore a high-crowned cavalry hat. Pendants of cowrie shells and mother of pearl dangled from his ears.

They set out at dawn, Bear's Rib leading what Vivian called their "curious cavalcade." The chief was "an athletic young man, said to be only 19 years old," but Vivian thought he looked at least twenty-five. He was six feet tall and wore a high-crowned cavalry hat. On one side of the wreath insignia of a United States infantry officer was the crossed sabre insignia of the cavalry; on the other, the infantry bugle. Underneath a gray blanket draped over his shoulders he wore a military dress coat with no shirt and cloth leggings ornamented with brass buttons.

Pendants of cowrie shells and mother of pearl dangled from his ears to his shoulders. Bear's Rib's face was "bright red," and his cheekbones were "not very high." With his eagle eyes and Roman nose, he had a "countenance indicative of intelligence and good nature, but as well of firm will and determination." Vivian thought he was "a remarkably handsome Indian."

But for all that, "he looked sick, as in fact he was, he having suffered for some time from a cough and a hoarseness, for which I am now treating him," Vivian told his wife.

"Our Indians were a fine looking set of men," he said, although he noted that the thirty or so who were with Bear's Rib "were not attired so sumptuously" as their leader. Underneath their buffalo robes or blankets some wore flannel shirts and leggings, others only leggings. Many had hats or caps. Most let their hair stream in the wind, although a few tied it back with pieces of cloth. All carried bows and arrows, "except one only who rejoiced in the possession of a Colt's Revolver." One woman and one Indian boy were along.

The Indians were mounted on what they called their "common" ponies; a few even rode mules. They led their "running" horses by lariats. Each Indian also brought along at least one pack pony; some had two or three.

As Bear's Rib led the party away from camp that morning, he must have wondered how the white

hunters from the fort would fare during the next few days, considering the condition of their mounts. Colonel Clark and Surgeon Vivian rode their own horses, but Vivian's horse, Charley, had been recuperating from a cracked hoof and had "fretted and fumed for the two preceding days." The other officers, Vivian said, "were on some rats of ponies belonging to the government, and which seem to be kept here solely to consume rations, and to eat twice their value every year."

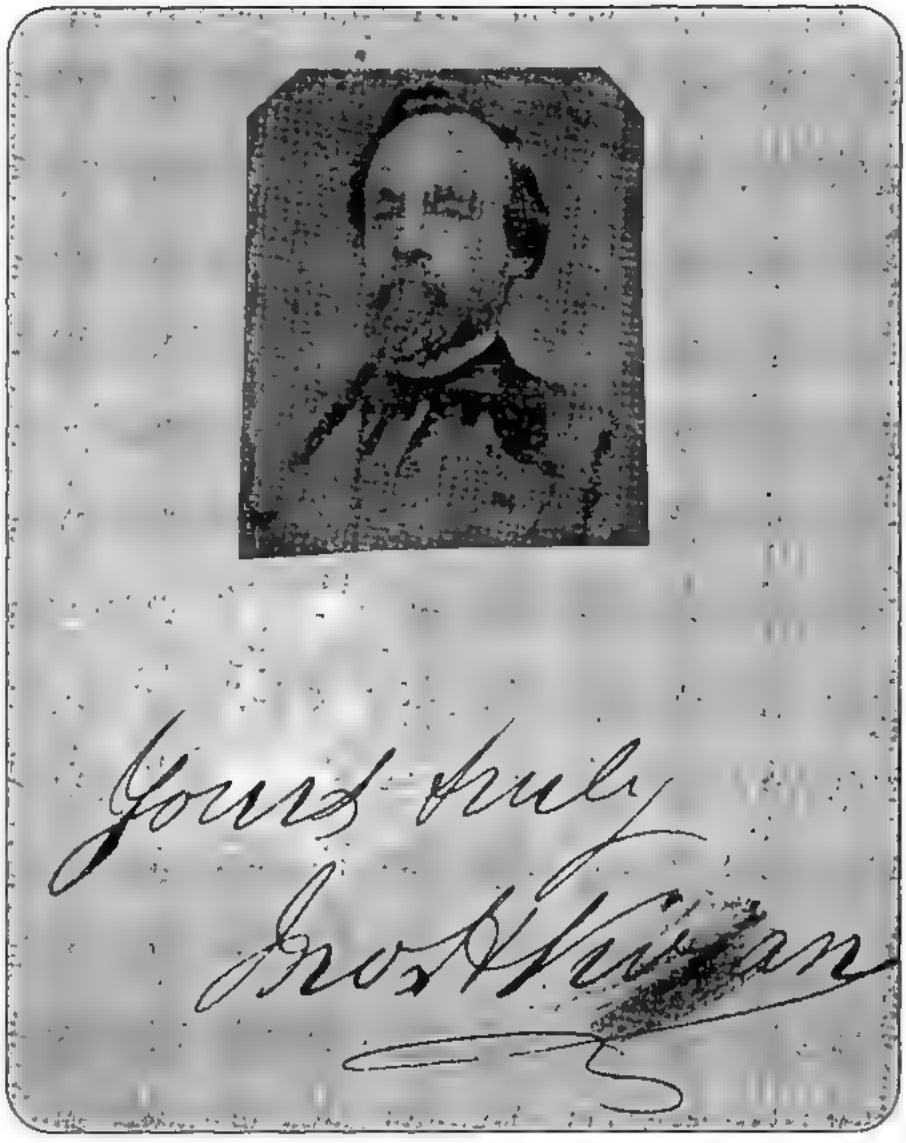
The soldiers were armed with revolvers and repeating rifles or carbines.

The party traveled some twenty miles "due east" the first day, according to Vivian, and camped on Beaver Creek for the night. (To intersect Beaver Creek today by traveling twenty miles, one would have to travel southeast from Fort Rice, not due east.)

The second day was a blustering, stormy day, unpleasant for traveling. They continued "due east," expecting to see buffalo, and when they saw no sign of them Vivian noticed that "our Indians were a little discouraged." Indians on a hunt take no provisions, he explained to his wife, and "if they fail to meet game early, they suffer a great deal." But Colonel Clark had made sure this hunt would not be painful. "This jaunt was intend[ed] partly as an effort at pacification, [and] to earn the confidence of the Indians," Vivian told his wife. So a six-mule team pulled a government wagon loaded with bread, hard tack, sugar, coffee, and bacon. "The Indians are passionately fond of sugar and coffee."

The third day they traveled some ten miles, still without sighting buffalo. "At length one of the Indians borrowed the Colonel's field glass and rode off to a high hill....[A]fter a while he came galloping towards us singing."

The other Indians immediately began shouting "Tetonka! Tetonka," (Buffalo! Buffalo!) They laughed, they sang, and some began to gallop their ponies in circles. "One of them in doing this was thrown and nearly broke his neck," said Vivian. "He fell on his head and it was some time before he could get up." Bear's Rib, however, remained "grave and taciturn."



State Historical Society of Wisconsin Photo

John H Vivian, surgeon for the Fiftieth Wisconsin Volunteer Regiment, wrote to his wife about the buffalo hunt with Bear's Rib.

Now, all was "hurry and bustle" to catch up to the buffalo, thought to be eight or ten miles distant. Vivian's horse, Charley, grew "excited and troublesome."

After traveling four or five miles, they came to some standing water and "ordered camp to be made, and the Indians with Col. Clark and myself continued on a smart trot." The other officers, because of their horses, were left behind. "These sorry nags hardly managed to carry the riders to the hunting ground, and were totally unfit to take any part in the hunt," Vivian said.

Clark and Vivian soon saw buffalo "covering acres of ground, a herd here, another there, in fact, buffalo everywhere." With the Indians, the officers and men galloped to within a mile of the beasts. The Indians stopped and put their buffalo saddles on their running horses. "These saddles are simply pads of buckskin, stuffed and stirrups attached," Vivian told his wife. "They are as light as it is possible to make them."

The Indians remounted their common horses, still leading their saddled running ponies. As the party approached to within three hundred yards of the buffalo, Vivian's horse Charley "got so excited that it was all I could do to

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hold him with both hands on the heavy curb bit. In fact he had almost worried himself out."

Here the Indians threw off their superfluous clothing, mounted their running horses, and cast their other mounts loose. "The scene was now one of intense excitement," said Vivian. The Indians made ready their bows and prepared to charge the buffalo. Vivian left his carbine at the wagon, taking only his revolvers.

"Before us were the buffalo, [and] drawn up like a line of battle were twenty-four half naked, wild Sioux, the only white men being Col. Clark and myself...." The buffalo were just beginning to take alarm.

Vivian positioned himself in the rear, using both hands to hold Charley, who was "mad with excitement." The line of hunters advanced, gradually quickening their pace. The buffalo now were at full gallop. Then, at a signal, "it was every man for himself and each for a buffalo....

"Charley, let loose, bounded like a rocket," carrying Vivian past the nearest Indians. Vivian and an Indian set out after the same fat cow, but Charley was the faster horse. "I followed the cow, shot her with my revolver twice, and supposed myself sure of her, but she managed to get into a herd of bulls who closed around her, and kept on [running.] I could not drive her out, and was not Indian enough to charge into the herd."

After following the cow for some two miles, Vivian abandoned her, and "for vengeance," charged an old bull. "Away he went, and away I went after him; almost frantic with excitement." He followed the bull perhaps three miles as it zigzagged on "as rough ground as white man ever rode over." At "full tilt, with loosened lines and urging the horse to his utmost," they went on over boulder-strewn hills and through a dry lake bed thick with rocks.

Vivian shot the bull two or three times, and it stopped. "I looked at him, and he at me. A buffalo bull at bay is not a pleasant object to contemplate," he assured his wife, "not at all pleasant to weak nerves."

The wounded bull, like Charley, was out of wind. Vivian turned Charley's head away, and waited, hoping the bull would move off so he could get a good shot at its side. Suddenly, the bull "dropped his head and charged right at me." Charley couldn't see the bull, and Vivian, with no whip or spur, could not get the exhausted horse to run. Finally he shot at the bull, who "received it full in the forehead, shook his head a little, but stopped not a bit."

Suddenly, the bull dropped his head and charged right at Vivian. Vivian's horse, Charley, couldn't see the bull, and Vivian, with no whip or spur, could not get the exhausted mount to run. Finally he shot at the bull, who "received it full in the forehead, shook his head a little, but stopped not a bit."

Vivian kicked Charley and shouted at him, and finally resorted to striking him with his pistol to get him, at last, to run, "not a bit too soon...for the bull's horns were not six feet from the horse's haunches."

The chase was on again. "Again I brought [the bull] to a stop. Again he charged, but this time I was not to be kept napping...I kept shooting until I had emptied both revolvers."

In his excitement, however, Vivian had shot wild. He dismounted to reload his pistols and saw that Charley's hind legs were covered with blood. The hard ride over the rocky ground had opened the cracks on his hoofs and badly bruised his feet. "I thought it would be inhuman to ride him any further. So I was compelled to let the buffalo go, which he did at a very slow pace, just able to take himself away."

Vivian rode back to the camp across a prairie "dotted with dead buffalo." In about an hour, the hunters had killed thirty-six buffalo, most of them cows, since bulls yielded inferior meat and skins.

Colonel Clark had killed two bulls and a calf. The next day Vivian left Charley in camp to recuperate and went out with the wagons to collect Clark's kill. But the carcasses, left unbled and ungutted after a long chase, had already decomposed.

On that day, the Indians went off in one direction to hunt while Colonel Clark and the other officers set out on their own in another. Vivian, horseless, amused himself "creeping up to the tops of the knolls, and taking long shots at old bulls with my carbine, to see the rascals run." Finally, though, he grew tired of waiting and ordered the wagons back to camp, reaching there well after dark.

While Vivian was eating supper, Colonel Clark was brought in on one of his lieutenant's horses, badly hurt. "It seems [the colonel] had made up his mind that he was going to beat any Indian that day," Vivian told his wife in the letter. Clark had wounded a cow, and was chasing it with his horse running under the spur when the cow turned suddenly. "Forgetting that he was riding with a curb bit, [he] reined his horse suddenly around, checked him, [and] threw him off his legs." Clark shot forward, alighting on his head, then turned a complete somersault. The horse, in its fall, had broken its neck and was dead.

"It was an hour before the only officer who was with him could revive him, he was so stunned," Vivian said. "It was another hour before he could recollect anything about himself."

Vivian at first thought Clark had dislocated his hip, "but luckily it is no worse than severe bruises can make it....We made a litter by hanging a buffalo robe, hammock fashion, in the wagon and the next day started for home."

The trip to Fort Rice took three days, "the Colonel bearing the journey better than I expected," Vivian said.

Charley had a hard time getting home, too. "Poor fellow! I had to

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pull off one of his shoes, and make a buffalo boot for him to walk in, and had a man lead him all the way."

During the two-day hunt, eighty-eight buffalo were killed. The Indians placed the meat on skins laid across their horses' backs, letting it hang down almost to the ground. "The load one of these ponies will stagger under is astonishing," Vivian said. On the way back to Fort Rice, the Indians walked.

During the week-long trip "the Indians had behaved like gentlemen," Vivian told his wife. "We guarded nothing, concealed nothing, locked up nothing, and we lost nothing through them.

"So ended my first buffalo hunt," Vivian concluded, "and if Charley were all right I would like to try it again next week. But that can't be. I suppose it is the only buffalo hunt I shall get."

He closed his letter with a medical update. "Charley's feet are very sore, but better than they were; he will come out all right, I hope." But the horse was still wearing his buffalo boots. "The Colonel is now able to sit up."

Vivian did not give the details of Clark's injuries, but Amherst W. Barber, writing in 1919 "from intimate personal confidences lasting 40 years from 1862," said that it was "the devoted little captain John G. Spooner [who] had the pleasure of helping his colonel back to tender care at Fort Rice..." where Clark's "nearly fatal injuries of the brain and spine were slowly remedied."

Barber reported that "The Commissioner of Pensions afterward decided that [Clark's] nervous sufferings and disabilities were incurred in the strict line of his military duty, providing a necessary safeguard of provisions for the life and health of his soldiers." Back in Wisconsin, Clark practiced law, and in 1889, Republican President Benjamin Harrison appointed him associate justice of the supreme court for Oklahoma Territory. The Democrats won the 1892 election, and in 1893 Clark returned to Lancaster. He must have collected the pension earned during the buffalo hunt for many years. He died at age ninety-two.

State Historical Society of North Dakota Photo

Fort Rice, Dakota Territory, in about 1868. The Fiftieth Wisconsin arrived at the post in October 1865 and left in June 1866.

Vivian, too, had before him a long career as physician and druggist owner. The June 27, 1866, *Mineral Point Weekly Tribune* reported, "We are gratified to welcome Dr. J.H. Vivian, late surgeon of the 50th, on his return to civil life and the civilized inhabitants of the earth. That the Doctor made an excellent surgeon the extraordinary good health of his regiment while located in an unhealthy climate will attest. He brought home with him quite an assortment of Indian ornaments, weapons, etc. and a huge buffalo's head, which attracts considerable attention in his store." Advertisements for his drugstore appeared regularly after that, and Vivian was active in medical and fraternal organizations until his death in 1900.

Bear's Rib was one of eighteen Hunkpapa chiefs who made their marks on the Sherman treaty of 1868 which created the Great Sioux Reservation, encompassing what is now all of South Dakota west of the Missouri River. On October 11, 1876, at the Standing Rock Agency, Bear's Rib, along with ten other Hunkpapa headmen, signed the agreement ceding the Black Hills to the United States government.

In 1881, the last of the hostile Sioux—Sitting Bull's band—had surrendered to reservation life, and Bear's Rib's influence among the Standing Rock Hunkpapa Sioux had been eclipsed by other chiefs. Nevertheless, in 1888, he was among fourteen Sioux chiefs from Standing Rock Agency who traveled to Washington, DC, by train, where the government tried to persuade them and delegates from the other Sioux agencies to partition the Great Sioux Reservation. The conference broke down when the Indians asked too much—$1.25 an acre—for their land, but before they went home Bear's Rib and the others had an audience with President Grover Cleveland.

The large buffalo herds were gone from the Great Sioux Reservation already in the late 1870s. Then, in the summer of 1882, a huge herd came to feed on the reservation's western grasslands. Bear's Rib must have ridden with the 600 Sioux whom the white agent allowed to hunt the herd. The Indians threw off their white men's clothing, mounted their ponies, and killed some 5,000 buffalo. It was the last large hunt. By the middle of 1883, the American bison was nearly extinct.

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Manen Clements
Last of the Breed

By Patrick King

On December 29, 1908, one of the last gunfighters of the Southwest died. At 6:10 P.M., a shot rang out in the wine room of the Coney Island Saloon in El Paso, Texas, and former constable Manen C. Clements, shot in the head, lay dead on the hardwood floor.

Someone shouted, "Mannie Clements has been shot; the constable is dead." Within seconds the noise of shrill police whistles approached the saloon. Several patrons tried to get out the front door, but police stopped them. Curious spectators crowded toward the wine room, hoping to glimpse the end of an era.

Manen Clements belonged to a family of gunmen. Also known as Mannie, Manning, and even Emanuel, he was born January 16, 1868, near Bonham, Texas. His father was Emanuel C. Clements, Sr., a first cousin of gunman John Wesley Hardin, and a cattle rancher and gunfighter in his own right. The elder Clements was running for sheriff of Runnels County when he got into an explosive argument with Ballinger City Marshal Joe Townsend, who killed Clements with a shot through the heart March 29, 1887. Manen was nineteen.

How his father's death affected Manen is unknown, but the killing

Manen Clements in front of his El Paso home

angered Manen's brother-in-law, gunman and assassin "Killin'" Jim Miller. Miller tried to avenge his father-in-law's death by ambushing the shooter, but succeeded only in blowing the man's arm off.

Miller's actions were typical of the time. Like many clans, Manen Clements' family held blood bonds, marriage, and honor in high regard, and they retaliated against anyone attacking their family.

Manen grew up hearing of Hardin's supposed heroism. Some Texans regarded Hardin as a hero because he warred against "carpetbaggers" from the north and often aided poor supporters of the old Confederacy. Manen no doubt idolized him. Hardin was fourteen when Manen was born; within six months of that event he had killed his first man.

Between 1869 and 1874, Hardin killed perhaps thirty-seven men. In 1874 he gunned down Charles Webb, deputy sheriff of Brown County, Texas. Hardin fled to Pensacola, Florida, and Pinkerton agents and undercover Texas Rangers tracked him down, captured him, and returned him to Texas. He was sentenced to fifteen years of hard labor in Huntsville penitentiary.

Manen Clements was about ten years old when Hardin was captured, and his family had indoctrinated him with their view of Hardin's activities. The influence stuck in his impressionable mind.

BY 1887, with his father dead and Hardin still in prison, Clements was left to the influences of Jim Miller. (Little information exists about Clements' mother, Mollie.) Miller was a cold-blooded killer, a gun-for-hire who rarely faced his opponents openly. His favorite weapon was a double-barreled shotgun wielded from ambush, and he was known to have killed more than a dozen men during his lifetime. At about the age of eighteen, Miller shot his first man, his uncle of all people, who was asleep in a rocking chair on his front porch.

In 1889, Clements and Miller moved to Pecos in Reeves County, Texas, where Clements sought to make his own name as a dangerous gunman. He once hired himself out to kill an unsavory citizen of Alpine, Texas, but missed his mark and killed an innocent bystander.

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"Killin'" Jim Miller, Manen Clements' brother-in-law.

In May 1893, Miller, Clements, and a close relative named M.Q. Hardin attempted to assassinate Reeves County Sheriff George A. "Bud" Frazer. Frazer had defeated Miller in the 1890 sheriff's race, and earlier in 1893 Miller had been accused of stealing Frazer's mules. On May 22, Miller tried to gun down Frazer on the outskirts of town, but only wounded him. Rather than directly charge Miller and Clements, the actual trigger men, Frazer went after Hardin, who was only a conspirator.

Miller and Frazer battled again, however. On June 1, 1893, they clashed in a gunfight near the town's blacksmith shop. Frazer suffered a wound on his left side when a bullet tore through his gunbelt then glanced away.

In 1894 Frazer lost a second bid for sheriff. With Frazer gone, Clements became a deputy under Sheriff Dave Allison, a Miller ally.

On December 26, 1894, Miller again went looking for Frazer, but Frazer had been warned and ambushed Miller, nearly killing him. After that Miller filed charges against Frazer.

Clements sent a telegram to his cousin, John Wesley Hardin, who had recently been released from prison. Hardin had studied law while in prison, and Miller's case was the perfect opportunity to practice his new skills.

Hardin's arrival in Pecos created a bigger stir than the court proceedings, and the March 5, 1895, trial was getting more attention than the judge wanted. With too many angry citizens and too much debate in Pecos, the trial was moved to El Paso. In mid-March, Clements and Hardin were seen riding through Big Spring, Texas, on their way to Eddy (now Carlsbad), New Mexico, where they caught a train for El Paso. They arrived there about March 24. Miller apparently stayed behind a few days to tend personal business.

THE TRIO'S ARRIVAL in El Paso electrified the city, but the place had a bad affect on the reformed Hardin. The hero's treatment he had received before going to prison returned full force. Crowds of bootlickers followed Clements, Miller, and Hardin. Booze flowed freely in every saloon they visited, and prostitutes flashed welcoming smiles their way.

The "good, old days" were alive and kicking for Hardin, and they clearly affected his interests in the trial. He entered the courtroom on April 14, 1895, totally unprepared. Judge J.A. Buckler discharged the case when the jury could not agree on a verdict. Clements stayed in town along with Hardin. By 1896 he had taken a job as deputy constable. Miller disappeared and apparently returned to the Pecos region.

A second trial was set to be held in September 1895 in Colorado City, Texas. Frazer, Miller, and Clements all appeared, and Frazer was acquitted.

Hardin, however, never made it that far. About 11:02 P.M., August 19,

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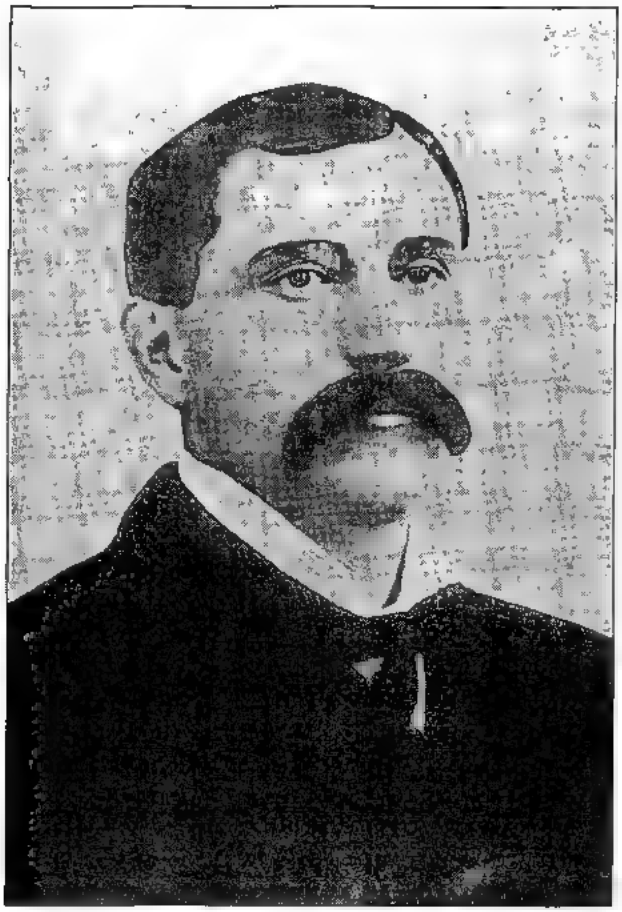

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John Wesley Hardin, about 1894. Hardin was a cousin of Manen Clements.

1895, in the Acme Saloon on San Antonio Street, El Paso constable "Uncle" John Selman, as much a killer as Jim Miller and probably more unpredictable, put a bullet in the back of Hardin's head.

Clements' whereabouts after Hardin's killing are uncertain, but according to John Selman, Jr., he and his father feared reprisal from Clements. It never came. (Deputy United States Marshal George Scarborough killed the elder Selman in April 1896.)

Clements faded from public view for a time. Someone spotted him in Toyah, Texas, on September 14, 1896, acting rather strange. In truth he was looking for Bud Frazer. About 9:30 A.M., Jim Miller found Frazer in a nearby saloon. As Miller pushed open a side room door, Frazer saw him and went for his gun. Miller lifted a double-barreled shotgun to chest level and without emotion unloaded both barrels into Frazer's chest and head. So ended the Miller-Frazer feud.

Clements returned to El Paso and resumed his duties as a deputy constable, and by 1908 he developed a reputation as a "law-enforcer," working as a deputy sheriff, police officer, deputy constable, and finally constable of El Paso. He was not afraid to use his gun when he needed to, and people knew him as a formidable gunfighter.

Clements had another side, however. Ambition propelled him into politics. He ran for police captain and lost, and he made enemies during the campaign.

Rumors spread that Clements had become involved with an organized crime syndicate. The criminal underground began in the late 1890s, smuggling illegal Chinese immigrants across the border from Mexico. By 1900, it operated more openly, and it grew to rule El Paso's darker side. From 1903 to 1907, the city had at least forty-nine unsolved or unprosecuted murders. Killings in 1907 included El Paso police inspectors named Logan, Jones, and Putnam. Each victim was somehow connected with the crime network or had intimate knowledge of it.

By 1902 a young woman had entered Clements' life. Her name was Ethel, or "Effie"; little is known about her, except that she was slight and sickly. The couple apparently had no children. Clements was making large sums of money and had more than enough to pay for a house in cash—odd, considering his lawman's salary of $120 per month. Clements' marriage failed, however; he and Effie separated in the summer of 1908.

Clements was interested in gambling, horse racing, and baseball. He was a risk taker. He was a member of several prestigious men's clubs—Woodmen of the World, Macabees, the Red Men, and the Fraternal Order of the Eagles. Most club members just sought a chance to get away from their wives, and Clements fit right in.

In the years following Hardin's death, Clements, with his well-honed sense of family honor, developed an increasing animosity for anyone associated with the killing, no matter how remotely. Most of the key people connected with Hardin's last days had either died or left town. One man, though, was still around. He was attorney Albert B. Fall, future secretary of the interior under President Warren G. Harding, and the man who had represented Uncle John Selman at his murder trial.

EVERYONE KNEW that Selman, who saw poorly at night and had no hope of beating Hardin in a gunfight, had killed the gunman from behind. Nevertheless, Fall had told jurors that Selman had killed Hardin in a fair fight. The trial ended in a hung jury, and Fall's manipulation of the truth angered Clements. He decided Fall had to die.

Clements made his first attempt to kill Fall in the Coney Island Saloon in 1906 or 1907. Clements entered the saloon for a few beers one day and found Fall at the bar. He walked up to the lawyer, pulled his pistol, stuck it in Fall's face, and cocked the hammer. Before Clements could squeeze off the round, another lawman, who had entered with him, slapped the gun out of Clements' hand. A hot exchange of words erupted among the three, and patrons averted a fist fight. Clements calmed down, but he let Fall know what he thought of him and what was waiting for him the next time they met.

Clements soon made a second attempt on Fall's life. The drunken Clements stumbled into the Coney Island and again found Fall drinking

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and talking with friends. Clements pulled his pistol, but before he could draw a bead on Fall, a nearby patron knocked the gun to the ground.

On the evening of July 26, 1908, Clements became involved in another incident that tarnished his career. A Chicago man named Samuel Van Rooyen arrived in El Paso from a business trip to Mexico. He foolishly made the rounds of the saloons wearing a great deal of jewelry and flashing a bulging wallet. Newspapers said Van Rooyen accepted a "free buggy ride sight seeing tour" from a W.A. Naill, who promised him a tour of the Washington Park race track on the east side of town.

On their way, several men jumped the buggy and stole about $1,400 worth of valuables from Van Rooyen. The victim returned to town and reported the incident to police. Having met Clements in the saloons and recognizing his voice and walk, Van Rooyen named him as one of the robbers.

On July 28, Naill, Clements, and a third man, J.W. Gill, were indicted for grand larceny and assault with a deadly weapon. Clements was dismissed from his position as constable, and on November 11 his trial began. Even though Clements and Effie had separated, she testified on his behalf.

Clements entered the saloon for a few beers one day and found Fall at the bar. He walked up to the lawyer, pulled his pistol, stuck it in Fall's face, and cocked the hammer. Before Clements could squeeze off the round, another lawman, who had entered with him, slapped the gun out of Clements' hand. A hot exchange of words erupted .

The El Paso *Times* commented, "With a newspaper on his lap [Clements] nervously twisted and chewed small pieces of it, at the same time earnestly talking with his wife, who was pale and clearly demonstrated by her actions that she was not in the best of health."

The prosecuting attorney established that Effie had been sick for some time. She had urged Clements to sell the house to help pay for medical expenses, but he repeatedly refused. The prosecutor then determined that Clements had sold his house to post $1,950 in bonds for himself, Naill, and Gill. The trial showed Clements to be a man who cared for no one but himself.

Clements testified, "Having the money at the time of Gill's arrest, and not needing it particularly, and knowing that he [Gill] was an innocent man, I had no hesitation in putting it up for his bond." Clements admitted that he was "not an intimate friend of Gill, still I was the one best in a position to know Gill was innocent, because he was at my house at the time the robbery occurred, and it was for that reason alone that I went on this bond."

Although Van Rooyen identified Clements by his voice and build as one of his attackers, on November 12 the jury acquitted Clements of all charges. Several reporters noted that, during closing arguments, the ex-constable gave jurors a hard, dead stare whenever he made eye contact with them. Clements had reportedly said that he hoped the jurors loved life as much as he, if they got his meaning.

Two days later, Clements returned to the courthouse for the trial of Naill and Gill; however, he was caught packing a .32-caliber pearl-handled Derringer as he entered the building. Arrested and jailed, Clements posted a $200 bond and was back on the streets before noon, pending a new trial in January.

Having lost his job as constable during the Van Rooyen incident, Clements quickly entered a heated campaign against R.F. Mitchell for his old position in precinct one as deputy sheriff. He lost the election in late November, and he stayed low for most of December roaming the gambling houses and saloons. He reportedly sought work as a hired gunman but would take no less than $1,500 for any job. Unsubstantiated reports said that a few prominent community leaders hired Clements, and indeed some mysterious killings occurred that month.

Author's Photo

John Wesley Hardin's grave in El Paso.

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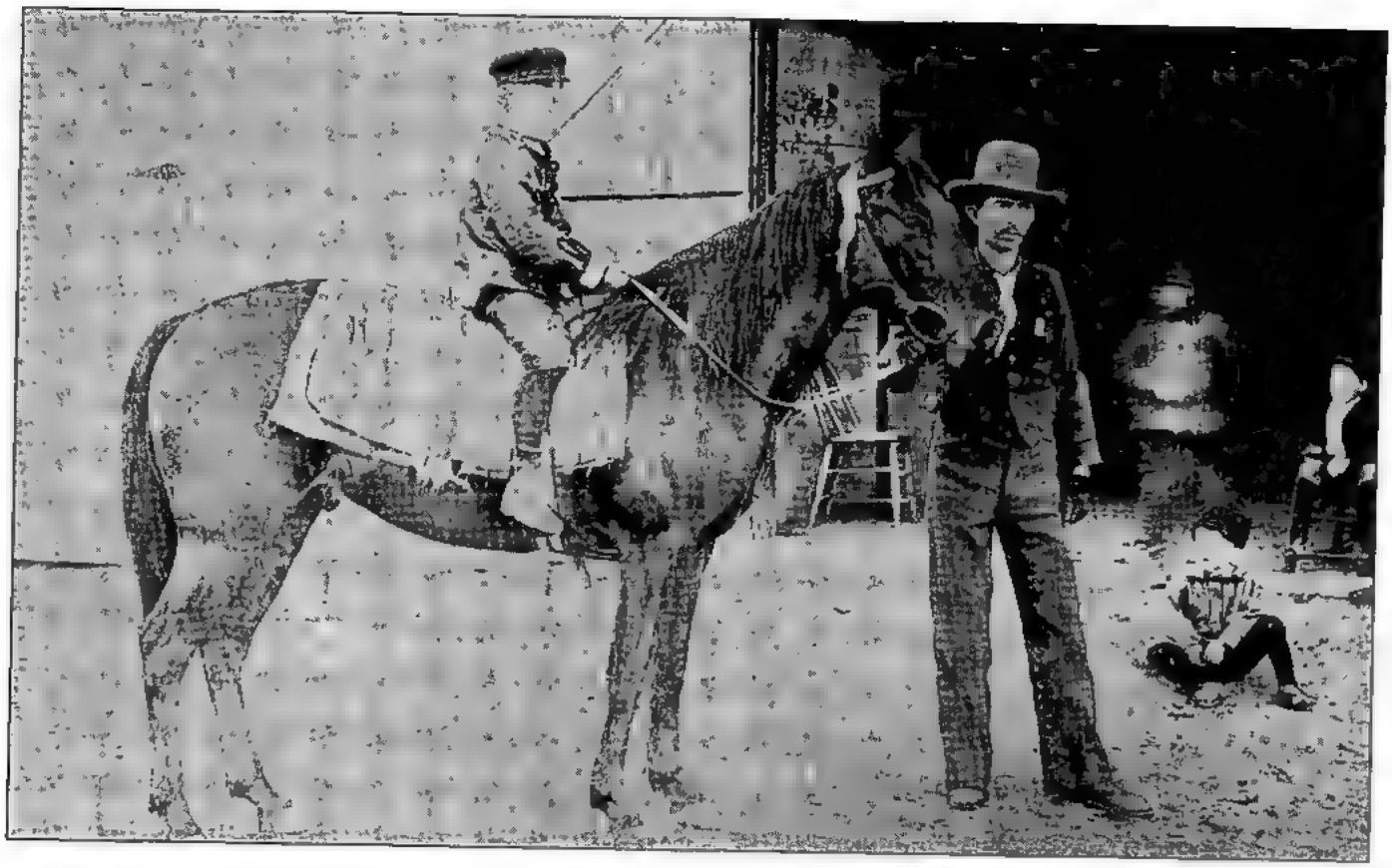

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Manen Clements holding a race horse for rider Len Driver in 1894. Clements was a deputy sheriff in Pecos, Texas, at the time.

On December 29, 1908, at 6:00 P.M., Clements stepped into the Coney Island Saloon with local bartender Cy Clipper, another tough fellow, who was deadly with a knife. The two began arguing at the bar. Clipper turned and walked to the wine room of the saloon, and Clements followed him. Just out of sight behind the large bat-winged doors which separated the rooms, they continued their heated dispute. John Webb, Clipper's stepfather, joined the argument. Someone heard Clements say to Webb, "If anybody says that I offered to do that for $1,000 they are a damned liar." Clipper turned and headed for the billiard room; Webb faced Clements in apparent anger. Clements turned on his heels and started to walk toward a phone booth just behind him.

Witnesses agreed that they did not see who fired the fatal shot, but some swore they saw a man dressed in a long coat and hat rush out the saloon's back door just after its report. People sitting in front of one of the open swinging doors saw Clements stumble, grab the back of his head, and turn and face Webb. He stumbled again, caught himself for an instant, reeled, grabbed for the edge of the bar, twisted to his right and fell backwards onto the oak floor. His head struck the boards between Webb's feet.

CLIPPER TURNED just in time to see Clements collapsing and then raced out the side door of the billiard room. Webb, even more shocked, stared for a moment into Clements' fixed eyes, then ran out the back door, brushing past saloon owner "One Eyed" Tom Powers. Powers, perhaps only six feet from the action, had been leaning against a door jam listening to the conversation. Behind the bar of the wine room was bartender Joe Brown, holding a large towel, staring wide-eyed at everything.

The El Paso *Times* and *Herald Post* ran large headlines about Clements the next day. On January 9 Benjamin F. Jenkins replaced police chief George Campbell, who resigned under public pressure for not catching the murderer. By the middle of January, no one had been charged. Police questioned Clipper and Webb but had no evidence to hold them.

On January 3, one hundred members of the various clubs Clements had joined buried him in El Paso's Evergreen Cemetery. His grave is in lot 95, space 3, marked by a Woodmen of the World headstone.

On March 22, 1909, bartender Joe Brown was arrested for Clements' murder. He posted a $7,500 bond and was released pending trial on April 12. That day came, but proceedings were delayed to April 19.

Also on April 19, in Ada, Oklahoma, another chapter in Clements' story was ending. At 3:00 A.M. and angry mob stormed the sheriff's office and hauled out B.B. Burwell, Jesse West, Joseph Allen, and Clements' brother-in-law, Killin' Jim Miller. The men had killed federal marshal A.A. "Gus" Bobbitt, sev-

eral months earlier. Exacting vigilante justice, the mob lynched the men in a local livery barn.

At Joe Brown's trial, several witnesses said they saw him behind the bar with a pistol in his hand. Despite such testimony, on May 14 a jury acquitted him. Evidence in his favor was the lack of powder burns on Clements' head or clothing, the small amount of damage from the bullet, and the fact that the weapon was never found. Brown was set free.

The case was not over, however. A judge not assigned to Brown's case said he suspected "One Eyed" Tom Powers. The former cowboy, dead shot, and questionable business operator, had been standing a little more than six feet from Clements. Powers and Clements were not the best of friends and had been at odds over something.

ON MAY 15, the El Paso *Times* reported that a local attorney had visited the *Times* office and told his side of the story. Two weeks before he died, Clements had told the attorney that he had accepted a job with the United States government for $250 a month, and that he was going to turn state's evidence against the Chinese smuggling operation. Clements named one man, Carl Adamson as his immediate partner in the organization in El Paso. Clements implied that those in charge of the syndicate suspected he was getting out, and he gave the attorney the names of everyone connected to the underground ring. The lawyer said that if the names and other information got out, "it would raise a big row in this town." The attorney added that Clements had the names of those connected to the killings of Inspectors Logan, Jones, and Putnam.

Clements had become too big a threat to the crime organization; he also apparently knew the facts surrounding the murder of famed lawman Pat Garrett near Las Cruces, New Mexico, on February 29, 1908. Garrett also apparently knew too much about the Chinese smuggling ring. President Theodore Roosevelt had made Garrett a customs inspector in 1901, to operate out of El Paso; Roosevelt, however, did not reappoint him in 1905. The names of the men surrounding the incident are familiar. Tom Powers inadvertently influenced Roosevelt's decision about Garrett, and Jim Miller was supposedly in Las Cruces a day before Garrett was shot from ambush. Carl Adamson was at the scene of the crime, and he was also known to have regularly transported Chinese by wagon from El Paso, north through Las Cruces to various ranches.

After Clements gave that information to the lawyer, he reported Adamson to immigration agents. Adamson was captured with a wagon load of Chinese at Tularosa, and by December 28 was in El Paso visiting saloons and conducting backroom meetings.

In 1921, in what may have been an effort to shift suspicion from himself, Tom Powers told an acquaintance that he knew who had killed Clements, and that Albert B. Fall, by then secretary of the interior, knew also. Powers accused Joe Brown, saying that Brown had the pistol hidden behind the bar, wrapped in a towel. He could shoot Clements and not leave powder marks because the bullet would have to pass through several layers of cloth. As soon as the bartender raised the towel, aimed, and shot, he quickly dropped the gun into a tub of water used for washing mugs behind the bar. He could stand there with an empty towel in his hands, and no one would have seen the gun or suspected Brown of the murder.

Who killed Manen Clements—Joe Brown, Tom Powers or, perhaps, Carl Adamson, getting even with Clements for talking to the attorney? The answer may never be uncovered. Only one thing is certain. When Manen Clements died, the era of the gunfighter died with him.

Author's Photo

The grave of Manen Clements, with a Woodmen of the World marker, in El Paso.

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Obverse (left) and reverse of 1849 $2.50 Deseret gold coin, presently valued at $12,500.

LDS Museum of Church Art and History

LDS Museum of Church Art and History

HOLINESS TO THE LORD • THE GOLDEN COINS OF ZION •

By Robert L. Foster & Patrick E. Gabbard

A short time ago my father-in-law, now eighty-five years old, moved into a nice retirement center. As my grandson and I were trying to dispose of the many things he had accumulated over the past forty years, we found a small box full of old coins. Having no idea of the value of a 1906 dime, an 1892 silver dollar, an 1854 quarter, an 1865 half-dollar, plus many others, we took them to a rare coin dealer in Salt Lake City for an appraisal. As the appraiser eyed each coin with his glass, we noticed two shiny golden coins under the glass counter top. Out of curiosity we asked if by any chance they might be Deseret coins. The appraiser said they were and asked if we would be interested in buying them. He said he could give us a special price—each coin he would sell for $10,000!

We knew about Deseret coins, one of the earliest forms of money in the Salt Lake Valley. But we had never seen a real Deseret coin, only pictures. Those coins had been minted at the Deseret Mint in Great Salt Lake City, along with many others, from 1848 to 1851 and from 1859 to 1861. Although many golden coins were minted few exist today, making them extremely valuable. As we were preparing this article we returned to the appraiser to photograph the two coins, but they had been sold!

So where does the name Deseret come from? It was the name given to the vast empire founded by the Mormons. They adopted the constitution of the State of Deseret on March 10, 1849. Deseret included all of the present states of Utah and Nevada; most of the state of Arizona, and parts of the states of New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon, and California. The seaport of San Diego was intended to give the state an outlet to the sea, and a point at which immigration to the Great Basin by way of the Isthmus of Panama might converge. The new state's seat of government was at Great Salt Lake City.

It was July 21, 1847, when Orson Pratt and Erastus Snow first rode into the Salt Lake Valley. Pratt described the experience, "a...broad open valley...lay stretched out before us...the Great Salt Lake glistened in the sunbeams, containing high mountainous islands....

"After issuing from the mountains among which we had been shut up for many days, and beholding in a moment such an extensive scenery open up before us, we could not refrain from a shout of joy—which almost voluntarily escaped from our lips the moment this grand and lovely scenery was within our view."

The advance party of Mormon pioneers, following two days behind the two scouts, were bone weary. Many were sick. Their dead were buried behind them on the prairies. Even their leader, Brigham Young, lay ill in a wagon, too sick to walk.

They were in a wild, desolate land, more than twelve hundred miles from American civilization. But they were free, high in the Rocky Mountains, their Zion, where Brother Brigham had prophesied "that not even the devil himself could dig them out!" Their incredible journey from Nauvoo, Illinois, was over.

SHELTERS HAD to be built, the ground plowed, a crop planted. It was late in the season to begin plowing and the harsh Utah winter was not far off. Survival for the 147 pioneers would be extremely difficult that first winter of 1847–48.

They were nearly penniless. When religious hatred and mob violence had driven them from their homes they were forced to sell their houses, their goods, and their animals at tremendous losses. A two-story brick house, occupied only three months by the Franklin D. Richards family, was sold for two yoke of half-broken oxen and a wagon. Sara Sturdevant Leavitt related that she and her husband had to sell their forty-acre farm for a pair of unbroken steers. Wagons, horses, cattle, cloth, and other provisions for the westward trek were purchased at great sacrifice in exchange for personal property.

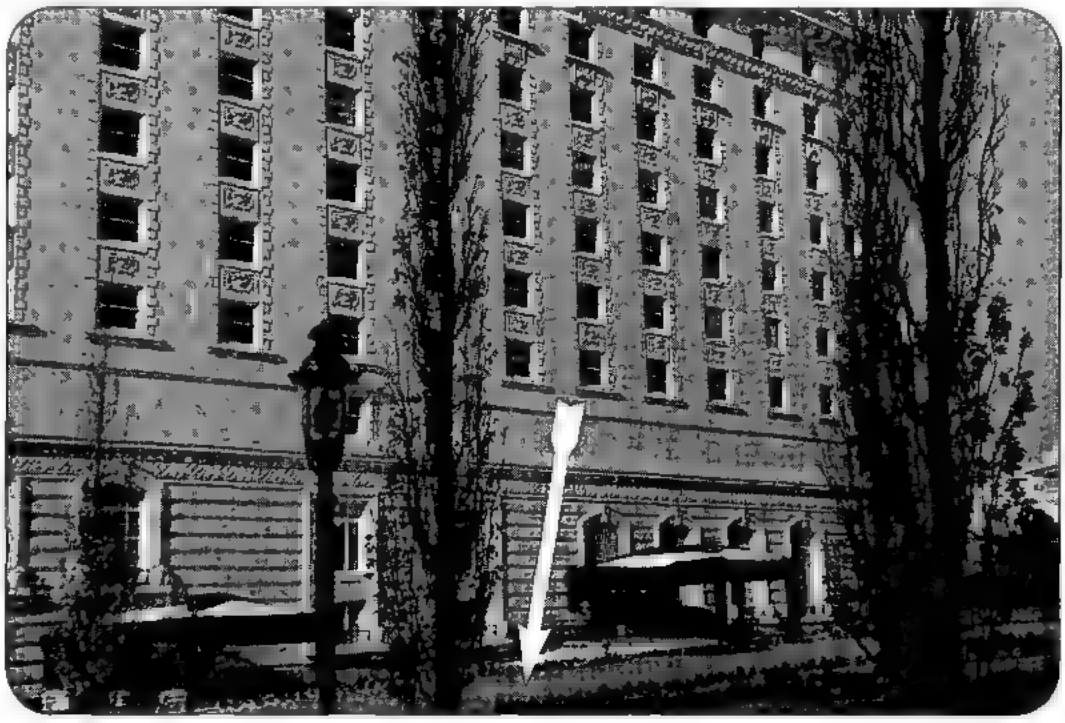
The journey to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake was one of hardship and privation. Most of the meager savings any of the Mormons had were soon spent for much needed supplies. Mormon historian Leonard J. Arrington estimated that among the entire company of Mormons who entered the Great Salt Lake Valley on July 24, 1847, there was less than one dollar per person, and Brigham Young had fifty dollars. That was the entire money supply of the Mormon Church in Utah. It was desperately needed for trading outside the valley, and the pioneer settlers soon found themselves isolated without adequate means with which to carry on local exchange. They reverted to the ancient system of barter and conducted business without money.

Brigham Young obtained a small supply of United States coins on a trip to the Missouri River in 1847. Upon his return to Salt Lake City in 1848, he placed about eighty-five dollars in circulation. Writer Earl Hansen compared releasing those coins to "...spilling a cup of precious water upon the desert sands." The relief was only temporary; the small change soon disappeared.

Members of the Mormon Battalion, returning from the war with Mexico, came to Utah via the California goldfields. The gold they brought back somewhat relieved the cash situation, but it was difficult to weigh and exchange, causing waste and inconvenience. Church leaders decided to convert the gold dust into coin and built a mint.

While they waited for the mint's dies and crucibles to be made, some of the gold dust and granules were weighed, wrapped in tissue paper, and put in brown envelopes which were marked with the date and value and sealed with wax. The brown paper packages of gold varied in value from one dollar to twenty dollars. That form of money was very difficult to use. It was difficult to carry, the packages deteriorated, and traders could not make proper change—but it was better than no money at all.

The Deseret Mint began operations in November 1848. John Kay, was commissioned mintmaster. The ten-dollar denomination was the first coin struck; only twenty-five were minted the first day. They sold at a premium of fifty cents each; no reason was given for the premium. Perhaps it was charged because of the coin's novelty or to offset the



Author's Photo

The Deseret Mint, built in November 1848, stood at the spot marked by the arrow, a half-block east of the Mormon Temple. The building is the former Hotel Utah, recently renovated by the Mormon Church as the Joseph Smith Memorial Building.

All: LDS Museum of Church Art and History

Two coins at left show obverse (left) and reverse of 1860 five-dollar Deseret gold coin. In any condition this coin is now worth $5,000, in good condition, $22,000 Two photos at right are obverse (left) and reverse of 1849 ten-dollar Deseret gold coin, now valued at $80,000.

cost of minting. William T. Follett purchased the first ten-dollar coin on December 12, 1848; he received five ten-dollar gold pieces in all.

The second minting took place just one week later, with only twenty-one pieces of the ten-dollar denomination coined. Then the crucibles cracked and operations ceased until September 1849, when the mint got new crucibles. The new mint began with the striking of all four proposed denominations dated 1849—two and one-half dollars, five dollars, ten dollars, and twenty dollars. Each coin was engraved with a symbol of friendship in the form of clasped hands and with the all-seeing eye encircled by the phrase, "Holiness to the Lord." The date and denomination accompanied the initials, GSLCPG, representing the words, "Great Salt Lake City Pure Gold."

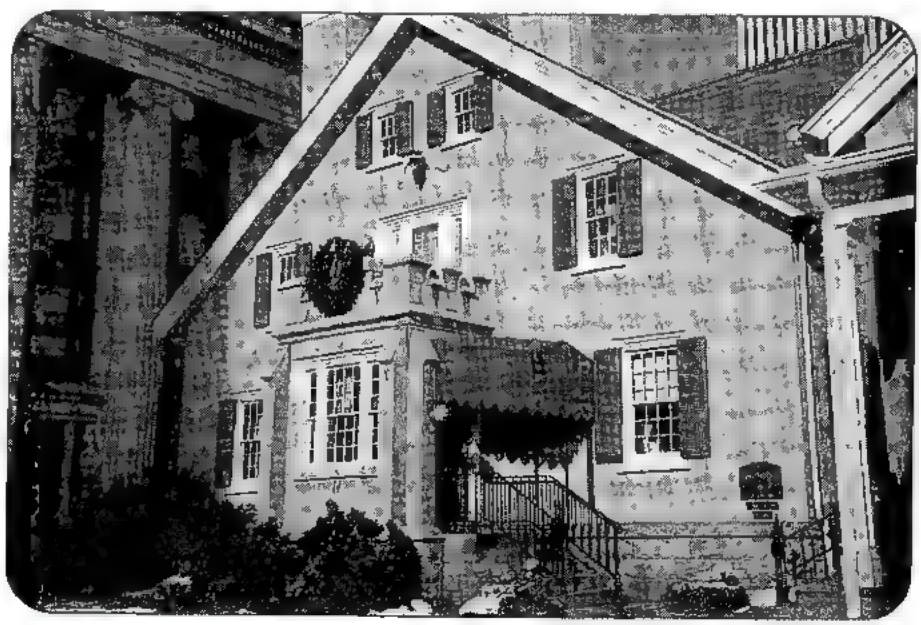
Because the mint made no attempt to refine the gold before coinage, the coins' actual worth was slightly below their stated value. Minted without alloy, the soft gold coins wore rapidly. The mint added a small percentage of silver to increase the hardness of the next coins. The Mormon $20.00 gold coins varied in intrinsic value from $16.90 to $17.53. The $10.00 gold piece had an intrinsic value of only $7.86. The Mormon gold coins were of excellent quality, taking into account the church's poor minting equipment. The mint made every effort to give full assay and fineness, with no intention of fraud.

Officially known as the Deseret Mint, the mint was commonly referred to as a "money mill." It was a small adobe building on the north side of South Temple Street in Salt Lake City. The October 5, 1850, *Deseret News* reported, "We stepped into the mint the other day and saw two or three men rolling the golden bars like wagon tires ready for the dies. This is what makes trade brisk." John Kay often carried the bars home at night for safekeeping. There his older daughters used them for building log cabin playhouses on the hearth

The Mormon leaders' most significant purpose in minting gold coins was to buy goods from large cities in the eastern United States. They wanted to coin gold of sufficient fineness and weight for use as a medium of exchange. Non-Mormon traders in the Great Salt Lake Valley such as Thomas L. "Pegleg" Smith also accepted the coins as payment for their goods.

Historian Arrington indicates the mint produced a possible $70,000 in gold coins from 1849 to 1851. At a value of $16 an ounce that would be 4375 ounces of gold, or 273 pounds. With today's gold prices running around $383 an ounce, that would be $1,675,625.00. We do not know how many coins of each denomination were minted.

The mint was closed from June 19, 1851, to May 27, 1859. Between July 27 and December 12, 1859, 202

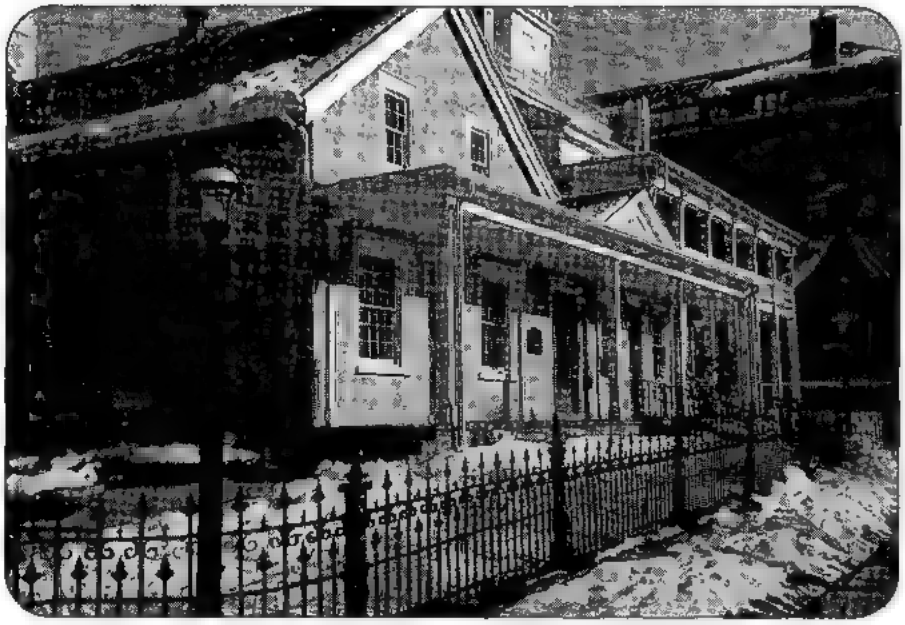


Author's Photo

The Lion House, Brigham Young's private residence, stood about fifty yards east of the Deseret Mint. It is now a historic monument open to the public.

five-dollar gold pieces were minted, although each coin bears the date "1860." From January 14, 1860, through March 8, 1861, 587 five-dollar gold coins were minted. They also are dated 1860. Workmanship was excellent on those "1860" five-dollar gold pieces. No other gold coins of the era are more impressive, not even those made at the United States Mint. Of those 789 gold coins 55 are known to exist today.

As communications improved, the coins and currency of the United States gradually became more plentiful throughout Utah Territory. The need for a locally produced medium of exchange gradually diminished. On February 26, 1862, the official papers of the mint, together with some gold dust, were placed in the custody of Brigham Young. The mint was closed, and the pioneer coinage of gold in the Salt Lake Valley was officially concluded.



Author's Photo

The Beehive House in downtown Salt Lake City housed Brigham Young's office Now a historic monument open to the public, it stands about 150 yards from the site of the Deseret Mint.

Date	Denomination	Number of Coins
1849	$2.50	43
1849	$5.00	71
1849	$10.00	10
1849	$20 00	21
1850	$5.00	54
1860	$5.00	55

Of some 2,000 gold coins produced at the Deseret Mint, only 254 are known to exist today.

WHAT WOULD Deseret Mint gold coins in good condition be worth on the 1995 collectors market? Their value depends on their condition, and grading coins is rather complicated. Assuming they are in very good condition, a $2.50 gold coin would be worth $12,500.00; an 1849 $5.00 gold coin would bring $7,500.00; an 1849 $10.00 gold coin in any kind of condition would be worth $80,000.00; an 1849 $20.00.00 gold piece would command $22,000.00 in any condition, but if it were in very good condition it would be worth $45,000.00; an 1850 $5.00 gold coin in any condition would fetch $3200.00, while such a coin in good condition would sell for $9,000.00; an 1860 $5.00 gold coin in any condition would bring $5,000.00, while the same coin in very good condition would secure $20,000.00. The fairly crude workmanship on the 1848–51 Deseret coins makes them easily counterfeited, so dealers and collectors must be careful.

The surviving 254 Deseret coins are in the hands of private collectors around the nation. Where are the others? There are probably another 1500 to 2000 coins unaccounted for. In the early days of the Mormon Church, members did not trust banks, especially after the nationwide financial disaster of 1837. The main body of the Mormons were in Kirtland, Ohio, at that time, and many lost every penny they had when the Kirtland Safety Society bank closed its doors. Many financially ruined Mormons left the Church.

Perhaps that distrust of banks led owners of Deseret gold coins to hide a few of them in their homes or bury them in their yards. As we search out remote Utah ghost towns of the pioneer era we use a metal detector and search for these elusive lost coins, hoping against hope to find four or five $10 gold pieces in good condition. At $80,000 each that would be a good find. We would even settle for finding a half-pint jar of $5 gold pieces valued at $15,000 each!

In 1993 archaeologists from Brigham Young University were excavating at the remains of Utah's Camp Floyd, a United States Army post that closed in 1859. Among the many interesting relics they found were two United States mint one-dollar gold coins. Their value to collectors is $3,500 each.

A friend of ours found a United States $20 gold piece on the window ledge of an old abandoned cabin in a remote Utah desert canyon. So there are coins to be found. We will be searching for those with the initials GSLCPG, clasped hands, and an all-seeing eye—the mark of the Deseret Mint.

Settling New Mexico

Forgotten Frontier, by Carole Larson. (University of New Mexico Press, 1720 Lomas Boulevard Northeast, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87131-1591. $35.00 cloth bound, $16.95 paper bound.)

The southeastern corner of New Mexico is not so much a forgotten frontier as a belated one. Real settlement, aside from Lincoln, had to wait for the coming of railroads and artesian wells. Roswell and Carlsbad are products of the 1880s and 1890s. The heart of the area is the Pecos River, but much of the drama of settlement occurred along a pretty little tributary of the Pecos, Lincoln's Rio Bonito.

Carole Larson has little to say about this place before the arrival of Anglos like Texas cattleman John Chisum, but she includes the Clovis and Folsom mammoth and bison hunters, the Chaco Canyon Anasazis, and the neglected conquistador, Gaspar Castaño de Sosa. With the Mexican and Civil wars, the story picks up speed and detail.

The impact that individuals like Chisum had on such a sparsely settled land was so great that Larson's biographical approach to the territory's history works well. She pairs off the Lincoln County War's Lawrence G. Murphy, James J. Dolan, and John Henry Riley against Alexander McSween, John Henry Tunstall, and Billy the Kid, with

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War Path and Bivouac, or The Conquest of the Sioux by John F. Finerty. (University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Avenue, Norman, Oklahoma 73019. $12.95 paper bound.)

Chicago Times reporter Finerty's eyewitness account of the Indian Wars of 1876 and 1877. A reprint of the 1961 edition.

The Thunderbird Remembered: Maynard Dixon, the Man and the Artist, by Dorothea Lange, Edith Hamlin, and Daniel and John Dixon. (Gene Autry Western Heritage Museum in association with University of Washington Press, PO Box 50096, Seattle, Washington 98145-5096. $19.95 paper bound.)

Recollections about noted western artist Maynard Dixon, written in conversational style by his wives, Dorothea Lange and Edith Hamlin, and his sons Daniel and John. Includes many of Dixon's sketches and photographs of his life and family.

A Mohave War Reminiscence, 1854-1880 by Alfred L. Kroeber and Clifton B. Kroeber. (Dover Publications, Inc., 31 East 2nd Street, Mineola, New York 11501. $7.95 paper bound.)

Reprint of the 1978 edition by anthropologist Alfred L. Kroeber and his historian son, Clifton. Examines the nature and purpose of Mohave Indian warfare.

The Oregon Trail, by Francis Parkman, edited by E. N. Feltskog. (University of Nebraska Press, 312 North 14th Street, Lincoln, Nebraska 68588-0484. $22.50 paper bound.)

In 1846 Parkman, seeking to write a history of the Plains Indians, traveled the Oregon Trail. His now classic *The Oregon Trail* appeared first in serial form, then as a book. This edition is a reprint of Feltskog's 1969 edited volume.

The Saga of John Filmore Blake: The Last Missouri Rogue, by Toby Giese. (Published by the author, PO Box 37095, Kansas City, Missouri 64138. $18.00 paper bound.)

The story of Missourian John Filmore Blake, who graduated from West Point in 1880 and served with the Sixth Cavalry in the Apache campaigns of the 1880s. The second half of the book chronicles Blake's involvement in the Boer War in South Africa at the turn of the century.

Chisum and Pat Garrett hovering in the wings. In other sections she includes more peaceful pioneers.

Easily the most interesting part of the book is that treating the Lincoln County War. The story is a complicated one that has been reduced over the years to black hats versus white hats. This book is somewhat disappointing in that the author follows that simplistic treatment. A little deeper digging into the excellent books by Robert Utley, John Wilson, and Frederick Nolan (all listed in Larson's bibliography) would have made for a more even-handed—and probably more accurate—story. Probably no one, including Garrett, emerged from the Lincoln County War smelling like a rose. While Larson does not whitewash McSween, Tunstall, and the Kid, she does handle them as delicately as Meissen china

Larson's brief mention of some minor players in the Lincoln County War, like Dick Brewer and Andrew "Buckshot" Roberts, leaves us wanting more. Luckily, all we have to do is grab up the books by Utley, Wilson, and Nolan.—*Richard H. Dillon, Mill Valley, California.*

A General's Story

Adventures on the Western Frontier, by John Gibbon; edited by Alan and Maureen Gaff. (Indiana University Press, 601 North Morton Street, Bloomington, Indiana 47404. $24.95 cloth bound.)

Major General John Gibbon was neither melodramatic like George Custer nor a political grabber like Nelson Miles and so many other United States Army officers in the nineteenth century. Thus he frequently gets lost in Indian Wars history. *Adventures on the Western Frontier*, however, offers a personal look at both Gibbon the soldier and Gibbon the man.

During the Civil War, Gibbon, a West Point graduate, turned a handful of Union regiments into the crack Iron Brigade; at Gettysburg he commanded the division which bore the brunt of "Pickett's Charge." Western enthusiasts perhaps know Gibbon better as the man whose soldiers rescued survivors of Custer's debacle at the Little Bighorn in 1876 and in 1877 engaged Chief Joseph's band of Nez Percés at the Battle of the Big Hole.

Gibbon was an articulate man whose *Personal Recollections of the Civil War* is a classic primary history of that conflict. He wrote about his expeditions in the West, as well, but most of those manuscripts are lost. Many of his magazine articles, however, survive, and they comprise *Adventures on the Western Frontier.*

Gibbon's description of his column's approach to the Little Bighorn battlefield, marching through the wreckage of a battle not

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yet a day old, is compelling. Gibbon said that, while trying to find a campsite for his command, "I came upon the body of a soldier lying on his face near a dead horse. He was stripped, his scalp gone, his head beaten in, and his body filled with bullet-holes and arrows."

Gibbon's account of the Big Hole fight offers enough powder smoke and excitement for any Indian Wars aficionado, but the selections in this book reveal more than just Gibbon's military side. Gibbon stood in awe of Lewis and Clark, as the chapter "An Autumn Searching for Lewis and Clark's Pass" shows. He was a humanitarian who decried senseless cruelty to animals. Describing how a "wolfer" took wolf pelts, Gibbon said the man would kill a deer, antelope, or buffalo, take some meat for himself, then poison the carcass. "The next morning...he has only to follow the wolf-tracks in the snow for a short distance to discover the bodies of all the wolves which have participated in the feast, lying where the poor animals have expired in the most intense agony." Gibbon had an engineer's eye for detail and was a fair artist, as he demonstrated with sketches in his journal of a trip across the plains in 1860.

Gibbon was not afraid to speak out against wrongs he perceived in the federal government, particularly when they involved Indians. Although he campaigned against Indians much of his life and believed they would inevitably lose their battle against white encroachment, he readily championed reservation Indians who received inadequate care from the Indian Department. Gibbon asks, "What does humanity demand shall be paid [the vanquished Indians]? Surely *a subsistence and the means of clothing himself and his children.* These he does not get; sometimes not at all, sometimes in insufficient quantity." Gibbon noted that the army had a responsible commissary system to supply western forts, and the Indian Department would do well to adopt such a system. Indeed, he suggested that the Indians might fare better if their supervision was transferred from the Department of the Interior to the army.

The book's index makes it a useful tool for researchers, and the editors' biographical sketch of Gibbon helps orient readers before they begin reading Gibbon's accounts. Unfortunately, the book has no maps, which are almost essential in any narrative about expeditions and campaigns. Still, *Adventures on the Western Frontier* is a fine book and offers deeper insights into one of the United States' key nineteenth-century soldiers.—*Steve Jones, Stillwater, Oklahoma.*

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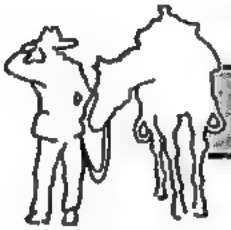

TRAILS GROWN DIM

Meyer

My mother and I are searching for information about a relative named Carrie Meyer, born in March 1878, possibly in Winchester or Thomaston, Connecticut. Her parents were Henry Frederick Meyer and Martha Elizabeth Eigenbrud, both German immigrants.

Carrie was the youngest of eight siblings. Their names and years of birth were Mary, 1860; Matilda, 1862; Augustus, 1865; John, 1866; twins William and Frederick, 1867; and Henry, 1873.

Matilda Meyer married Wendell P. Norton in 1882; they are my mother's grandparents. Carrie was my mother's great aunt. We have little information about Carrie, except a story that she may have made her living going up in hot air balloons at carnivals and fairs, and that she died somewhere in the Midwest in a balloon accident, possibly between 1896 and 1915. Please write if you have information that might help.—*Amanda Woodbury, PO Box 4, Fairplay, Colorado 80440, or Barbara Norton Woodbury, PO Box 53, Perkinsville, Vermont 05151.*

Davis

My grandfather, Franklin Monroe Davis, was born March 4, 1866, in Arkansas. I believe he had twelve brothers and grew up on the White River in Arkansas. I know very little about his life until he was about twenty or twenty-one years old when he married Lula Crouch in Falls County, Texas. I would appreciate any information.—*Robert E. Davis, PO Box 827, Goldthwaite, Texas 76844.*

Morris-Cate

I am seeking information about my great-grandfathers, Stephen Morris and Claiborn C. Cate. The 1850 Census shows Stephen and his wife Juda (?) in Athens, Tennessee, where they raised their three boys. Stephen was born in 1785 in North Carolina; Juda was born in 1805 in North Carolina. Stephen was fifty-three when their first child was born, so he may have had another wife and more children earlier. Does anyone have information about them?

Stephen is not the Stephen Morris in Wake County, North Carolina, who married Rhoda Parham in 1872. However, Parham researchers may have run across a younger Stephen Morris.

I am also seeking family members of Claiborn C. Cate, born in Jefferson County, Tennessee, March 22, 1827, and died in 1879, and his wife, Martha Jane Nance.—*James L. Morris, c/o Don Morris, 13561 West Iliff Avenue, Lakewood, Colorado 80228.*

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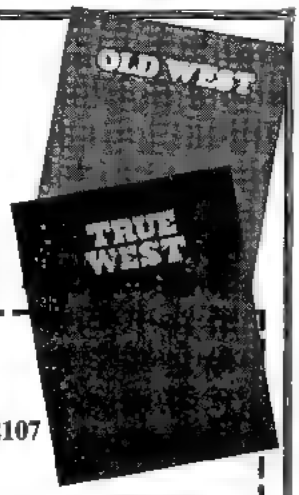

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Stageline's Ten Commandments

By JON C. PICCIUOLO

The stagecoach era for Santa Barbara County, California, lasted from 1860 to 1900. To make the journey as painless as possible, stage lines urged passengers to follow these rules:

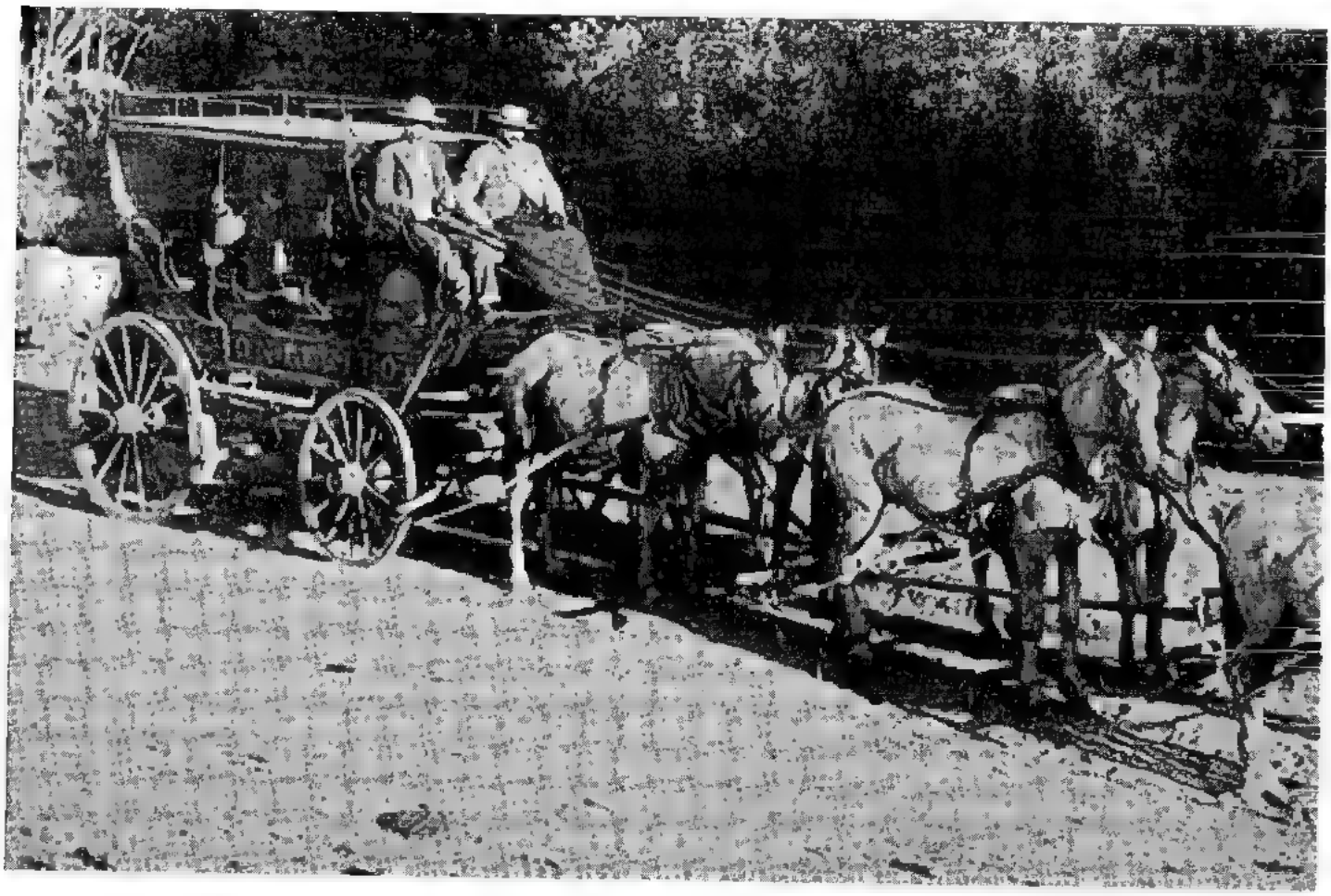
1. Abstinence from liquor is preferred, but if you must drink, share the bottle. To do otherwise makes you appear selfish and un-neighborly. Don't overlook the driver.

2. If ladies are present, gentlemen passengers are urged to forego smoking cigars and pipes, as the odor of same is repugnant to the Weaker Sex. Chewing tobacco is permitted, but spit WITH the wind, not against it.

3. Gentlemen must refrain from the use of rough language in the presence of ladies and children.

4. Robes are provided for your comfort during cold or wet weather. Hogging robes will not be tolerated and the offender will be made to ride up front with the driver.

5. Don't snore loudly while sleeping.



A Santa Barbara and Lompoc stagecoach in 1894. California stage lines had "ten commandments" to make stage trips more

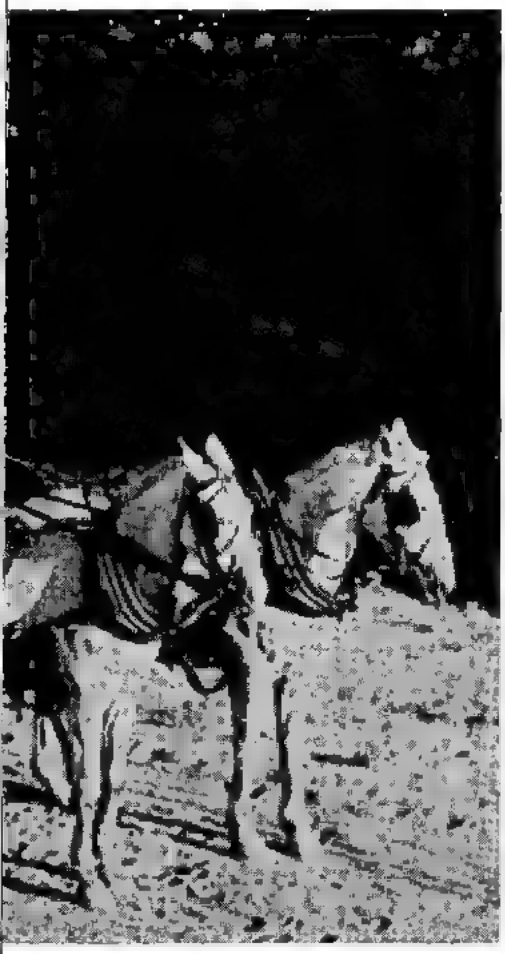
6. Don't use your fellow passenger's shoulder for a pillow. He or she may not understand, and friction may result.

7. Firearms may be kept on your person for use in emergencies. Do not discharge them for pleasure, or shoot at wild animals along the roadside. The noise riles the horses.

8. In the event of a runaway team, remain calm. Jumping from the coach in panic may kill you, leave you injured, or at the mercy of the elements, highwaymen, and coyotes.

9. Topics of discussion which are to be avoided have to do with religion, politics, and stagecoach robberies.

10. Gents guilty of unchivalrous behavior toward lady passengers will be put off the stage. It's a long walk back to Santa Barbara. A word to the wise is sufficient.



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By CHUCK PARSONS

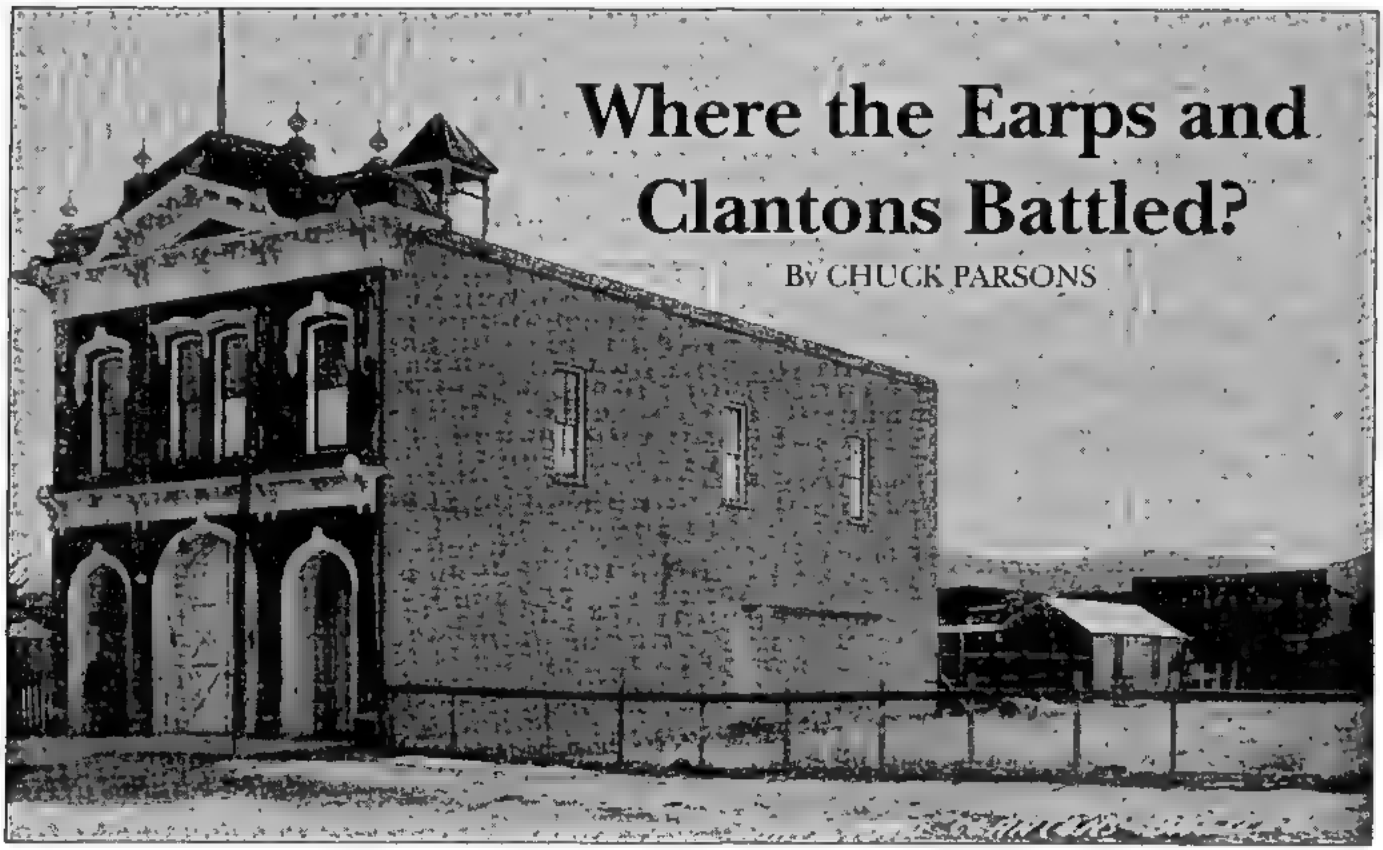

Photo courtesy Alfred Smith

Does this photograph show the site of the famed gunfight at the OK Corral?

This question about the gunfight at the OK Corral comes in the form of a photograph of a Tombstone street scene. Alfred Smith, Long Beach, California, recently acquired the photograph in an antique gallery. The caption on the original read "O.K. Corral and City Hall where the Earps and Clantons battled to the end—Tombstone, Ariz."

The photograph was apparently taken after the shootout, which did not actually occur in the corral but in a vacant lot between the lodging house of photographer C.S. Fly and the Harwood House. Can anyone add to our knowledge of this photograph? Is it a C.S. Fly original? Is it indeed Tombstone's city hall? What year was it taken?

Frontier Distance

Today we can measure the distances we travel by looking at our vehicle's odometer, but Norman K. Welch, Portland, Oregon, wants to know how pioneers measured distances.

My efforts to find a good answer to this question produced nothing. I assume travelers knew how far a horse, mule, or ox could travel in a given time and used that as their basic means of determining distance. I welcome a better response from a reader.

The Song Remains the Same

Dean V. Cunfer, Slatington, Pennsylvania, recently sent me a newspaper obituary from Allentown, Pennsylvania, about David Guion, who died October 31, 1981, at the age of eighty-eight. The obituary said, "[Guion was] composer of 'Home on the Range' and 'The Yellow Rose of Texas.'" In the February 1994 *True West* I said Dr. Brewster Higley composed the original poem for "Home on the Range," and Mr. Cunfer wants to know if that is correct.

Dr. Higley did in fact compose the poem, originally entitled "Western Home," but David Guion put the poem to music and made it famous. Another song which he transcribed and made famous is "The Yellow Rose of Texas."

Kin to General Lee?

Historians often find intriguing links between historical figures. Judith S. Dunbar, Sand Springs, Oklahoma, asks if outlaw Cole Younger and Confederate General Robert E. Lee were related.

Yes, they were, although the relationship was not close. Thomas Coleman Younger and his outlaw brothers were the sons of Henry Washington Younger. Henry's par-

ents were Charles Lee Younger and Sarah Sullivan Purcell Younger, who married in 1807.

Charles Lee Younger, born December 28, 1783, was the son of Joshua Logan Younger and Elizabeth Lee Younger. She was a sister of "Light Horse Harry" Lee, Robert E. Lee's father. Thus, the paternal great-grandmother of the Younger brothers was an aunt of Robert E. Lee.

Jesse at Northfield

Ed Lowe, Holdingford, Minnesota, recently sent me a Minneapolis, Minnesota, newspaper article suggesting Jesse James may not have been in on the ill-fated First National Bank holdup attempt in Northfield, Minnesota, September 7, 1876. The James-Younger gang disintegrated after that disastrous raid

The article deals with the research of Northfield native and historian B. Wayne Quist, who has initiated a study of the raid. Quist said it is "probable that Frank James was at the scene," but he questions whether Jesse was present.

Quist speculates that if Minnesota authorities believed Jesse was part of the raid, they would have indicted him or issued a warrant for his arrest, which they did not. Quist also says witnesses testified the robbers smelled of whiskey, and Jesse would never have tolerated his men drinking on the job. Quist says James-Younger raids were well-planned, but the Northfield raid was sloppy and far beyond their home territory, suggesting the James boys were not involved. Finally, in his autobiography, Cole Younger said Jesse and Frank were not at Northfield.

We will probably never be able to prove conclusively that the two robbers who escaped from Northfield were the James brothers, but sufficient evidence suggests they were. True, Minnesota never indicted either of the James brothers for the raid, probably because authorities had no solid evidence upon which to indict. They did have three members of the gang behind bars at Stillwater State Prison, and three

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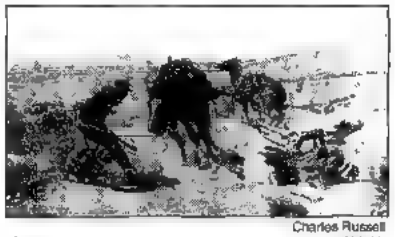

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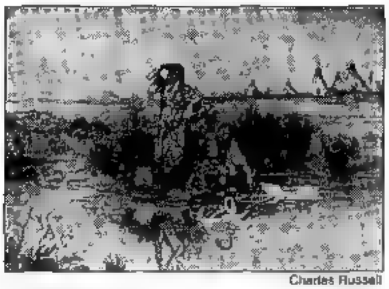

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others were dead—two killed in Northfield and one at Madelia where the Youngers were captured. With six men accounted for, the state probably decided not to worry about the other two.

After Frank James surrendered to Missouri authorities in 1882, several cases against him collapsed or were dismissed. Minnesota officials no doubt decided not to waste money on a trial they could not win.

Indirectly, Cole Younger did admit that Frank James was at Northfield. On his deathbed he said the man who shot and killed cashier Joseph Lee Heywood was the man who rode a dun horse. The fact emerged that Frank had ridden a dun horse; if Frank was there, Jesse likely was also.

As for the drinking, perhaps some of the gang did have a nip before the raid, but not enough for Jesse to call off the attempt.

Some of the gang's raids were well-planned, but not all. Their train robbery at Adair, Iowa, certainly was not flawless. The gang intended not to hurt anyone, but when the train was derailed the engineer was scalded to death and a fireman seriously burned. On top of that, the bandits had struck the wrong train.

Even if the robbers had planned the Northfield raid in detail, they could not have expected townspeople to discover them so quickly. They could not have anticipated a hardware merchant handing out weapons to anyone big enough to shoot, or that two townsmen would be sharpshooters.

Today the James family accepts that Frank and Jesse were at Northfield, and that Frank probably killed Heywood. Can that ever be proven? Perhaps not, but evidence certainly suggests it.

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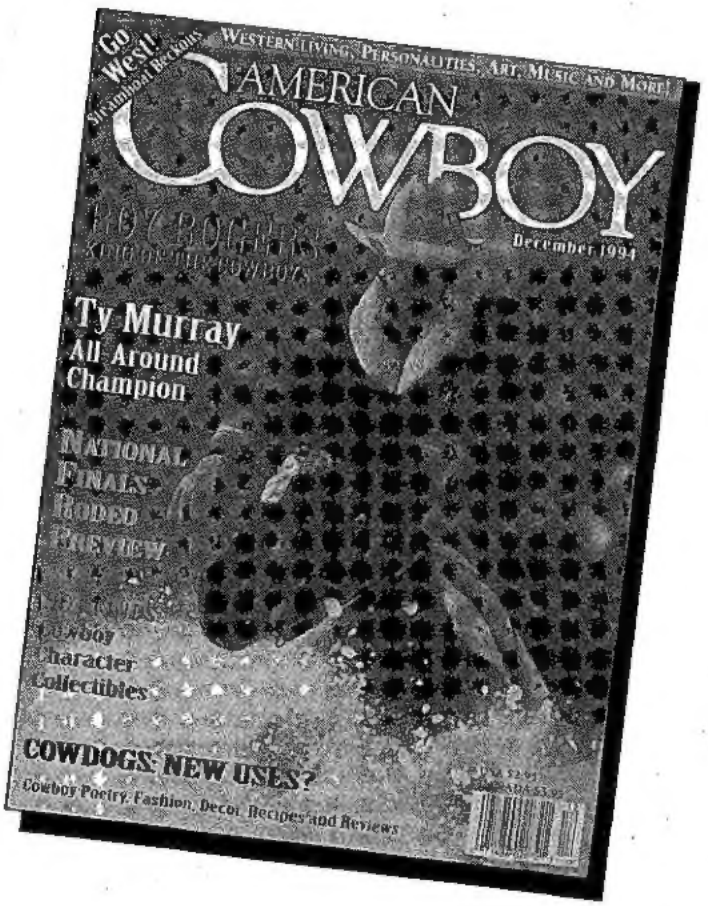
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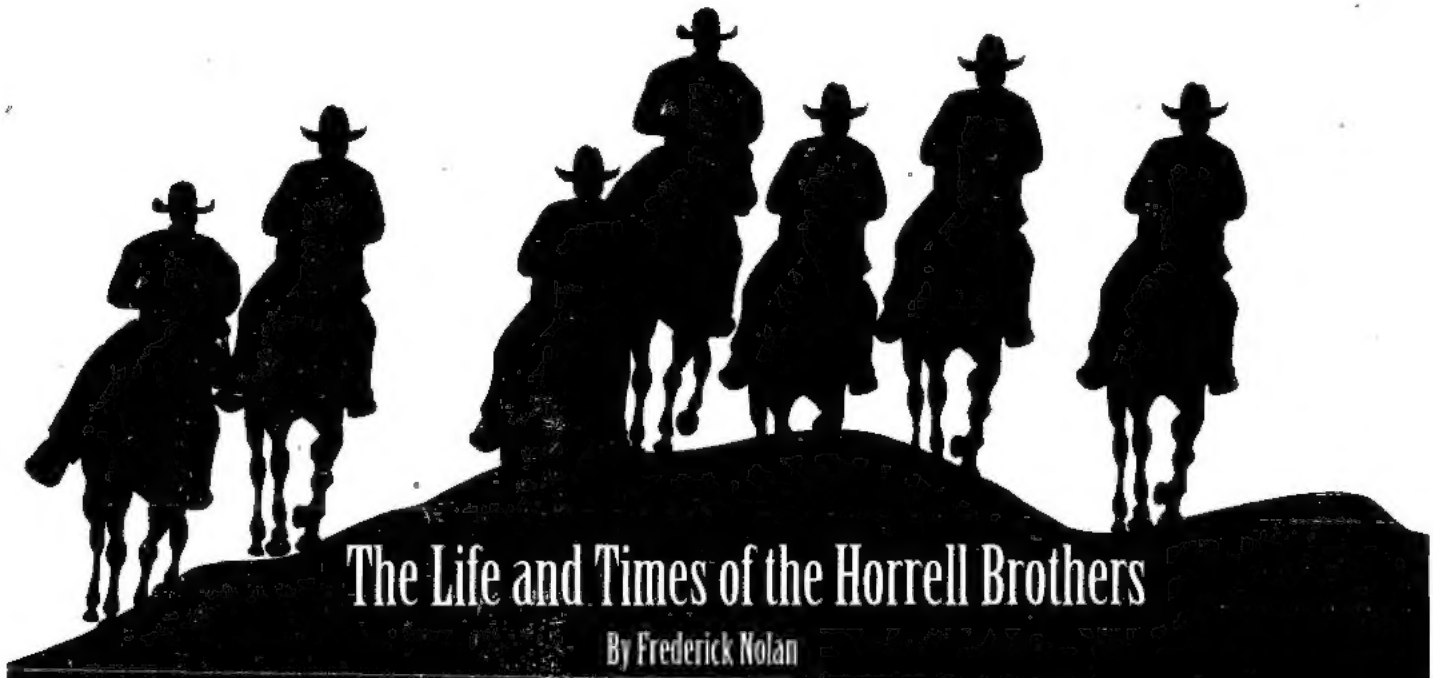

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